Orchid Jetsam

A Detective Novel Series

Dee Goda

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tuumba (a slate blue book)

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Orchid

Dog churning, churned over the hedge.

White-haired woman the plate of teeth laid back in its socket lolling as her curled legs churn over adjacent hedge. As dog whirls flipping it churns over that hedge too after her.

The dog emerges out of its mouth—an arch vomited in space
having died floating on the air

The men fighting from tunnels in the desert—ours shoveled dirt over the tunnels to suffocate the soldiers inside. The desert at night in tunnels. both being the visible world, sight is lovely
The dog loses itself

By the road in day the waves of white sand dunes undulated without moving were so soft that walking out into them the one walking sank as if to limitlessly sink. The black waves of the Pacific Ocean cannot be seen in one.
The two [waves] being outside are not heard.
[In one are heard also]

They would have to be transmuted in the context not either heard or seen to be in one—or to exist.
Her friend had infused her (as if using a hypodermic needle) with poison telling her no one liked her.
It was as if she were a child.
People always came to this other woman, the former friend, and danced on a little ground. Or they were not there at all, as she did not come to them.
But this may not have been the motive though it appeared as an action there.
At this time, the friend also spoke of her dead brother, a soldier sent over the border into Iraq as an assassin.
There was the sense in the listener that the deceased brother had been abandoned at this moment by being spoken of by one close to him.

When speaking about him, she seemed to imply he was inferior [because of his murderous actions]. Yet as if he were hers. So his extreme sense of being lost, of being hated by others and an outcast, became overwhelming.

He was not his own being even. But of course he was dead.

The living in speaking having the view that being admired is 'being one,' there being no one then, he has no place to exist. Being dead.

Yet if none like one, that is an action as if by itself and alone in space. Then.

The sister's description of the dead man was an act of not taking care of him, so that he could rest as dead, regarding him as existing only as hers, (as if not having been actually).

At the same time as this particular conversation about him, she'd spoken with animosity (perhaps unknown to herself) toward the listener.

As the speaker was not being receptive to anyone, someone else (who had been him) now came into existence outside.

Yet perhaps it was really an extreme dilation in the speaker of despair for him or from him, that released him out of exhaustion into some other being.

Not emotion or speaking on the part of the speaker but motion of dilation—that emotion was muscular so that there was an occurrence in space (?)

So it was the listener she didn't allow to rest.

The listener felt the unknown man enter into her, but perceived feeling this only later. The physical ghost of a man whom Grace Abe had not known leapt into her, suffering; but though she herself was suffering it was someone really different from her self, being able to enter her because she herself was being abandoned at that moment. (By her friend.)

Months later, the unknown man was a double presence, was alongside her own self. Both were in her body. In the gray street men floated lying in doorways, the man running with a sense of rage leading to silent weeping while she completely separate quietly watched.

The man had a limp yet the other did not limp, in spring the panhandlers coming up as if they are the dead coming to sip blood in order to speak yet they are merely asking for money. When they come up she realizes she is not running.

Limping running in the spring air, she wakes outside weeping in the motion of running. Then wondering why she's crying stops crying, the cars in the business district bumper-to-bumper with the buildings curled on them mirrored in the walls of glass.

Limp, in spring without one hearing. whose insides emerge out
as if they are the dead the cattle emerging from evening.

Limping running going to occur—Grace Abe flying by hands, the bright

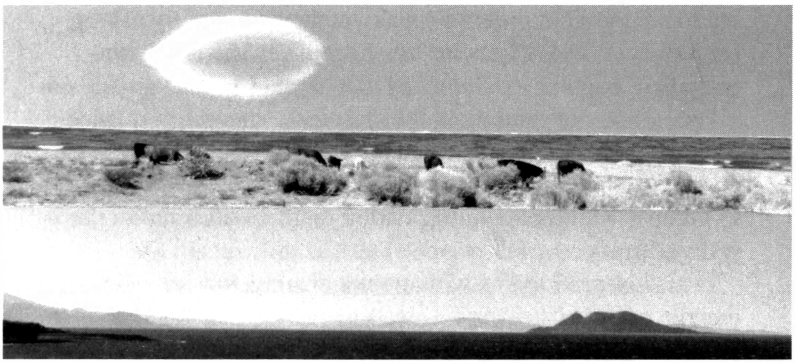
People rushing in the downtown district in the clear freezing air emerge out of their mouths. An arch emerges from mouths of people in the crowd vomiting in the rose air, the air itself transmits. There is only sight.

She's crying stops crying. The gnarled, a whap comes out.

Bumper-to-bumper with the center by the Opera luminous green eyes.

Glass. forward in the gray air. stung
The lighted humped contacted except by her

Pigeons run eyes. His frame trembled
emerges from mouths of moves slowly through. It is the present.



After the rain, the entire rungs / plateaus flooded—the cattle floating on the green rises, that were beside one—the rises horizontally were in-stilled by frogs, croaks as singing separate from evening light yet the rises (of land) existing as that light. Before the floating cattle float from one's mouth, without one hearing. Hearing is a state of bliss. The cattle emerging from one's mouth—are not one—one doesn't hear them there.

flooded—the cattle their tongues.

Her slender legs moving forward in the gray air. The lighted humped clouds hang. Pigeons run ahead of her. Quietly she leaps up the stairs two or three at a time, lithe entering the station, and moves slowly through the halls.

Vomiting in the rose air, are silent.

On the plateaus the invisible tongues flick out as if the whap emerging from the people in the subway—here and there, as Grace Abe snakes her way between sprawled figures and the occasional standing commuter whose insides emerge out of him—are in an empty evening.

the air itself transmits. The frogs, make invisible the subway

After the rain, the winged insects are.

Andrew Chen standing in the playground, girls on rings careen through the air.

Coming forward flying by hands, the bright green eyes as luminous beads become visible in the limbs on rings.

A whap comes out of the mouth, flying on the rings, as if sent by its luminous green eyes.

Andrew Chen feels stung, though not contacted except by her eyes. His frame trembled as the flying whorl on the rings, a mouth on hands, lids the green beads.

Everywhere the children on the ground are silent.

The subway platform going home at night is silent except for the motors and wheels.

Wakes outside weeping in bliss separately, prior, yet beads become visible in the limbs on rings.

I want to be someone else, thinks Grace Abe. This would be free without the capsule of one's limbs. This is in the present. The head not being one's, a capsule is left behind.

Out of the crouched figure in the subway tunnel emerges a capsule, whap. Is it in the throat?

When? This is to have something to read. It is to one side.

Detective Grace Abe seated in her office arranges the papers on the desk. Without placing weight anywhere, her clear brown eyes concentrate on the papers. Her eyes read, while the mind hovers separate from the eyes waiting quietly.

This epidemic is similar to a phenomenon in recent times described by doctors as "Mass sociogenic illness reported as the cause of acute outbreaks of unexplained illness in school settings."

Affecting primarily girls, tongues of frogs in the become ill.

It was characterized by vomiting, hyperventilation, fainting and line-of-sight transmission. Other children in the same classes may not be affected. The gaze of a girl vomiting transmits to other girls whose bodies imitate. Yesterday a child died on the premises of Garfield Middle School. vomiting transmits to after standing, a person.

"An ambulance was called and officers Grace Abe and Andrew Chen were summoned. The autopsy report is awaited."

She lifts the clear eyes to Captain Jasper Frank's heavy-lidded gray eyes whose bags under them rest on his jaw. Parched for a cigarette, which he's quit, the mouth opening says Grace, I want you to put everything else aside. Interview the teachers, parents, and classmates. Stay out of the interstate aspect. Just Garfield. The FBI are considering this.

trembling neck, the scotch on the edge of the bosom

One thought in the subway of oneself, of cattle that being in wind run yet driven by themselves. They have gentle mouths on eyes floating on fields.

Inside of one they run. A whap outside, like the insects on the tongues of frogs in the vast platelets of evening yet it is one's insides, shoots out.

She nods, the wind.

while the mind hovers considering this. respond.

Reported as the cause of floating on fields. seemed to cue the others

There isn't anything but its surface. Yet a whap is outside.

It was characterized by vast platelets of evening incidents.

Imitate. Yesterday a child different platform yet vomiting were the inner.

Grace Abe passing men huddled against the wall; a whap is from a man amongst them who is after standing, a person waiting for the train on a different platform yet with his back to him throwing a whap also, leaves himself.

She is on her way to the school, meeting Officer Andrew Chen there.

The 'events' are repeated changed only slightly 'as they are' 'as they appear' (visually—and their 'order of appearance' being their movement [then] in the context). Rather than there being an overt analysis of events by the writer, their visual apprehension is an internal analysis on the part of the reader/viewer changing what occurs *outside* actually. So the appearance of events and apprehension in the viewers/readers is not the [first] construction of our view of these events by social images or interpretation.

The cue as if illuminates.

subway tunnel emerges Frank's heavy-lidded gray illuminates.

capsule, whap. Is it in the eyes whose bags under traveling at night hover.

They rest on his jaw. in the desert one's eyes.

Traveling at night in the desert one's eyes no longer useful. In the city.

A gaze from a girl cues another who in receiving this direct gaze is giving a cue to the first girl; both are transmitting—whap—others looking on without being in the line-of-sight begin to respond. A few viewing this are unaffected.

The whole sky is unaffected, while changing, unfurling.

The same girl seemed to cue the others frequently in line-of-sight transmission whether or not she herself became ill in the incidents.

Here it is as if vomiting were the inner in the outside.

The girl is a bat with no sound splatting the wall of the building. She'd died. The others having the same motions had fainted. standing having walked trees hangs in the wet.

The waves had been left on the walls. then walks in the wash. flat sheets descending. the future as "the future" sentimentalizes life.

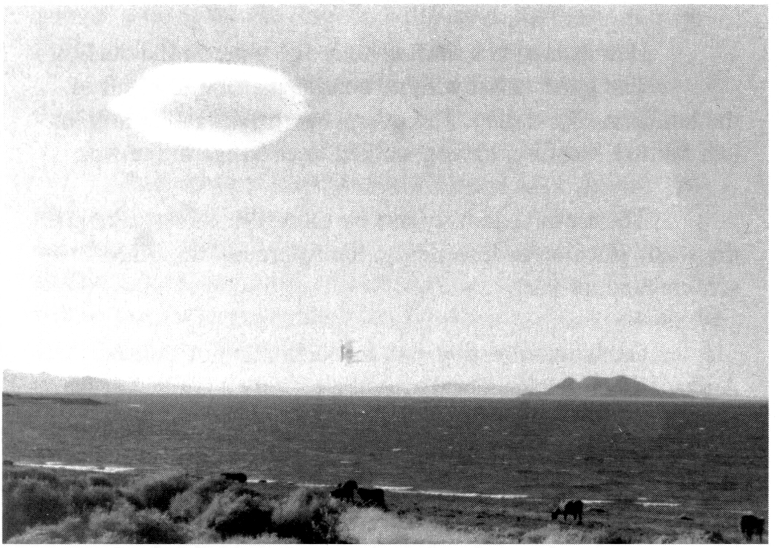
One's inner response in this action is not sounds, Andrew Chen thinks. The girls were making sounds, but the phenomena described by the girls was the action of their thorax and interior, as if there were speaking, and which is a silent sensation—as if one's muscles are not silent ordinarily. One's muscles exist in sound? and it's quiet around in the future thus causes blossoming.

The thorax opening and closing pressed on indigo whorls. He sees them on his eyes.

But not hearing, one's gaze occurs at the same time as the response [of leaving oneself] in oneself—and in the person who meets one's gaze. The cue seems to be simultaneously a sight transmission to oneself which (first) sought that other person [in some mass episode].

First seeking them who're outside, being from oneself, before it has even registered in oneself. Ever.

A thought doesn't seem to be being transmitted. There don't have to be thoughts. Do not use one's mind or be isolated. The colors and sensations within, which weren't even on the person's eyes (or behind their retina) but 'seen' in the intestine were 'received' by one having or



initiating the sensation and then by another person, both as if outside.

Mirrored out of one's insides. Pacifying thoughts they reemerge. At what point or where is the source or initiation of the response? The thoughts are not the response.

The girls described the response of vomiting as not even sensation as it is outside and has no feeling there.

One would have no feeling ahead of one yet the sensation of one's physical interior being reflected, as if a thought, occurs.

Those who were most susceptible gathering around one who was not yet ill, and plunging crying, the one isolated

Officer Andrew Chen in the tunnel-ramps to the subway passes slumped lying figures and, not stopping—there are many—he begins running. A woman flies straight at him on green bright eyes.

She passes. Her inside emerges then.

Traffic, cars veering from which is plunging to the black breeze

He goes back, the walls dark now. The electricity has gone out. He stumbles on sack figures in darkness. Outside is inky with stars.

Sheets of rain, slabs falling in the light, trays of blossoms on the delicate trees still open.

She's silently these who move lids black limo still in a bus
Within the same symptoms, lighted sky.
arbitrary seemingly, in time. Hearing cannot be interior is not breathing.
Two secretaries (one from in the magnolia blossoms stopped breathing maybe).

Public without being stopped when it is inside. For an instant she sees.
when they turn onto blackness floats there. standing.
Flying up the street on the illumined blackness to the corpse.
lids of her lowered eyes. the crumpled people.
playground, on the street, in one. They simply flood the chauffeur in the black.

Andrew Chen moving in the slabs is light though the heavy water hangs around him. Many fleeing on foot in the steep street Chen flapping black breeze is now angry, his disturbance taking that form. The soaked jacket weighs on him in the scent of rain. Moves in thick limbs unfurling. He stood in the doorway surveying the crumpled lying figures on whom the slabs of black rain fall in the light.
Hunched in the slabs of rain glistening millions of drops cling to them. The drops run on them in streams.
Some of the figures get up.
backwards. The streams far away in a huge sky. Actions are geological layers (or sights) exposed horizontally by being sliced vertically
in the underground through. breeze, the man in back.
He bends and feels the temple and neck of a huddled stretched figure bunched in a coat. The skin is hard and wet.

They meet at the hospital. The HMO empire having refused admissions to anyone, here people are waiting in ambulances or standing having walked in the slabs of falling rain to the hospital.

One hanging in the slabs of rain—which is [occurs] from one self [one's hanging]—the slabs come down in the band that just touches earth rising.

Between the pouring rain and earth there isn't anything—but plants, people—and the heavy purple rain falls in the billows on sidewalks, streets, rising.

Analysis takes place not even within one—but in many 'ones' of the outside. [a sea transformation] a change throughout and not *in* the outside [the whole].

The peeled night is not either of these. Peeled on or in itself.

Considering the eight swelled who come out. zone. A man in a silk suit.

blowing through the night. The city is in a coil, arched slender back.

The slats, the boards of the floor of people's security had been removed. While felt interiorly there is some other change interiorly which is not attached in that outside. She's standing in slabs of water falling on her.

crosswalks people a pool of blackness in quiet whirling.

Andrew Chen puts his hand on the temple of a man seated by a wall. Then walks in the wash, a stream pouring by and flat sheets descending.

Their eyes meet and it's quiet around. A blossoming row on the trees hangs in the wet wind, the blossoms open.

Somehow the perfumed moled face of the installed hospital administrator comes up before her eyes—no one she'd ever seen before.

scent on the elongated perfumed moled face.

The hospitals no longer admitting patients, the administrator is in a leather-cushioned chair in an empty hospital Grace Abe envisions as she's standing in the falling slabs.

They think they should be recipients of communication. Where? Is change a thought sometimes. One not accessible not communicating there is not action and it is not wanted by them anyway. Actions which are only present have been infantilized. That one is not as the future, being before the present, is the perversion of what's being.

Seeing is obviated too.

An idiocy not in the present. What is that. There is no perversion in the future. It is not at all.

Is a thought infantilized, the past. The past sentimentalizes life. Throughout.

Allowing the particular dead autonomy, his. He gives attention to her as the special dead. One in flesh. If she weren't dead he would simply control her.

The infantilized are not in actions. One enters into utterly quiet black. No, actions are infantilized also now. That sentimentalizes life, not itself being in black night. Gutting like fish, himself—in authority.

Though it's an action outside faculties determining action.

I went to sea as a child and an adolescent.

I'm glad.

He's a deer trotting forward the heavy side banging one.

As a past by controlling her. A control of a corpse, there is neither the past or present. The future is detached and occurs. By him being.

The water falls in front of eyes whose lids sometimes blink. The orbs of the people's eyes shifting are on the black rain which pours over them.

supported by the eyes—go to the side—rain.

A young doctor moves in the rain bending over patients who are being helped into ambulances to be moved away.

Officer Andrew Chen says I was in the rain running after a woman who as if flown by me but passively, no mouth, moved on bright beaded green eyes and outran me. In the black rain coming down, where there were no people, a woman's hand seemed to float in air holding a small orchid.

Andrew Chen opens his eyes in the black rain as if that would change the conditions there. Which never change in this instant.

The hand is still and holding the orchid in outstretched palm.

Now Grace Abe turns to him and smiles so that the mouth is sideways. The mouth slowly curls. Both the mouth and the eyes take him in while the two people stand in the heavy rain.

Andrew Chen falls silent, embarrassed. The rain slabs thudding, purple whorls, the hand had floated in air and only vanished when he was looking at it, he thinks.

Captain Jasper Frank seated at his desk with his back to the window, past which rain slabs fall—the rain making a heavy roar while descending rather than in hitting, Grace Abe thinks—the bags under the eyes resting on his jaws, says Following bright-eyed figures who outrun you. Eight people dead.

Others waking after passing out and with either no recollection or with memories of hallucinatory sights, winged people running toward them, he finishes dryly. The jaws on which the baggy eyes rest sigh.

No known poison, or hallucinogen. Officer Andrew Chen thinks of the little-known hallucinogen causing the sensation of flying, used by South American Indians. I'd like to try that, he thinks.

The roar of the rain slabs falling past the windows continues, aside from which it is silent.

I'd like to be able to fly. Grace Abe glancing at him purses her lips sideways and raises her eyebrows—they are driving on the bridge and the troughs of water in the sway-backed span on the bay don't open like the Red Sea for the car which bucks in the wind. The car enters another water trough submerged in a cocoon. It is then submerged in another cocoon. The rumpled clouds with light cracked through them hang above the horizon. The bridge is the horizon of thick water and is in it.

The events of the immediate time occur unknown in her experience.

Grace Abe wasn't asleep. On the street the thick water enveloping her, sheets coming down, it seemed she hadn't moved for hours. For days he hadn't moved, not asleep either but held in a suspended animated hibernation 'where' (it was as if itself a location, their passing) the movements of people came into this location where he immediately leapt and cut their throats.

Getting to sometimes forty people in a town, cutting their throats. He acted waking there on one or two or a group of people passing on the road by him.

As he's standing by the road completely still their movement occurs at the same time as his motion, his is so fast waking as to be theirs. So it is an entire change of being.

She 'awakes' in the thick water, a movement going by her of a hunched man flicking, his insides emerging for an instant in the drowning slabs.

Yet inside it had been as if she could still see while being utterly still. When? there is no time affected anywhere.

silent weeping while she stilled by frogs, croaks as people in the subway—completely separate stand there.

The man had [a 'Before'] the floating cattle and the occasional limp yet the other did not float from one's mouth, standing commuter did.

Not the desert sun going down but a person passing initiates motion. She is alert motionless until movement occurs near her, yet in her location. Her emotion was quiet.

Sometimes forty people in a village in Algeria at present are killed, their throats cut. She reads this article in the newspaper. These are recent murders occurring long after the man (who now inhabits her) having done this in Iraq.

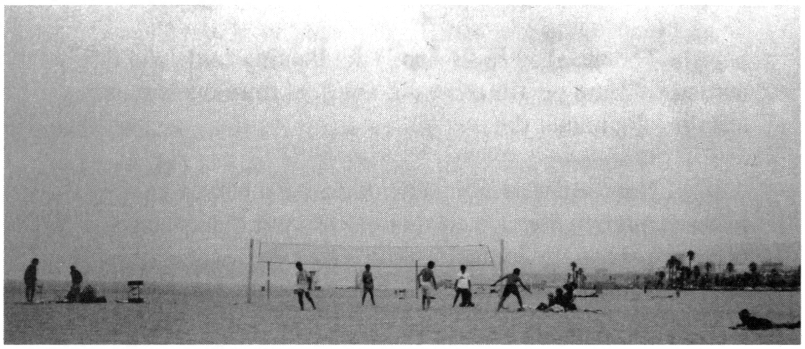
Aware that he has done this while he is her, she doesn't experience doing it since she is separate from him, as if alongside him (as if he is also within her), but animated by some other passing person's movement (as he is). She does not experience the emotion in his (which is her own) present action, yet comprehends it and is affected later.

Yet the time in the event (of hers) duplicates (mirrors?) the outside present events of the killings in Algeria, which are unknown to her [until she reads the recent newspaper article].

Within green-eyed whorl—perceives flying over sidewalk and on flat horizon—in internal vistas or spaces that are flat.

Emerald green bushes are right below one.

Sitting drinking coffee, one sees the streams of people pouring through, the branches bare except for the many stranded buds. They're lit in the air.



All the flowers and flowering trees blooming on the same line as heat.

The late afternoon rising as if evening were closer to the ground, horizontal, the birds above it sing in its rising afternoon.

All flowers and flowering trees are horizontal as one walks.

The sunlight directly in one's eyes—walking—illuminating cars and plants as if from behind and in front of these from within one, the birds sing in the afternoon meeting evening above.

Really the evening is horizontal and is just above the ground where one walks. Wading in evening yet the birds singing above one.

One is in the medium range of spring there horizontal. It is through that range, alone.

Scented nights in Berkeley, the flowers come up to one. Trembling in blackness in which—one walking—illumines an opened blossom bobbing extending to one not touching unless one reaches it yet as if it were not silent.

Without faculty the young yellow daffodils bend forward calling not as sound but as transmuting the color of night, from their yellow.

Sip the cafe latte gazing at the bursting blossoms that are in the day-lighted line of vision past Andrew Chen's neck and in the air.

the day-moon is in the left arm—when the day-moon is hanging and the left arm isn't.

the day-moon's high not floating

view the day-moon white in blue, shred, by seeing the raised sand bar (sand-rise in garden) on the ground
the ocean is in the left arm—in one

man-ghost of marine enters one flapping—yet day-moon outside hanging though it's night—runs barely above white sand-rise (raked risen plateau)
to see night moon above him flying

left arm is squeezed dead—the dead outside—too is sky

The deceased man who'd been an assassin crossing into Iraq] [someone else's mind-emanation, it is continuous] crosses as-sky the sand-rise—day-moon does—flies toward one on a released ocean
the ocean is vast memories being selective and horizontal minor strands, which may have 'caused' anger but now are released [though the assassin, some other] still enters one carried mirrored on the black ocean again, the platform of white sand-rise emanating viewing the moon which rolls carried within the intestine
the moon in a sack of one's intestine flying (but in no time)

An experiencing of time vertically spatially, all times are at the same time necessarily—any refractions-events 'glimpsed' in it horizontally (prior events) are only as arbitrary, the most minute event 'occurring' horizontally 'by'/beside some other unrelated one, qualified there

the day-moon outside in one's intestine—as a vertical axis—so that past-events exist [only instantly, but could return] horizontally, are nothing but that instant yet the events' characteristics are apprehended.

But this vertical spatial apprehension [in one] is its *being* apprehended and occurs from that. It is its act of apprehending, isn't there before.

So that the horizontal past-events (one's or any) which were there before, are 'selected' in one [without one knowing what instigates memory].

Their horizontal arbitrary occurrence is indicative that events are animate and the mind a separate thing. Also animate.

Are different from memory because they are occurrences.

The same time, as horizontal, is not created by hearing either, nor existing in it; yet the trees and birds singing throughout exist in [across the lines of] the multiple horizontal time-strands? or exist outside of the same time, which is there other strands at once throughout.

A prior instigation as a woman inspiring aggressive animosity, the response to it now isn't evoked and doesn't 'make sense' in one, or her.

[Awareness of] the prior instigation isn't the whole space it's in.

Present-memory of that woman napping is in horizontal space—conditional and with those conditions removed.

Ocean is weight and matter as soldiers fighting. Say. As if they hang as orchids fighting in ocean in vertical space. But that doesn't remove them from their suffering there, doesn't slight it, though it is removed

action is cracked or half—others

Caterpillars are machines that are on plants—men working on them gigantically, yet (or therefore) caterpillars

not *for* butterflies *at* night

Marine who'd been assassin almost dipping into as surface of ocean, which isn't, as if skidding on surface (that's ocean—*at* night) dips faintly on raked sand-rise [of sand garden], the same as moon bulb above him that dips and races, and he flaps to her

I don't know that there's any satisfaction. There is.

Having a recurrent dream of 'required' (by no apparent authority) at a later stage to begin over in school, I dreamed a version of this in which I was having to find a place to live near the school—to share with another woman—and looking down into a bush which was there, I realized the bush was a huge gorge or vast canyon of woven leafless trees.

On waking, I wanted to study this view or phenomena as being in myself (as a cue). As in anyone—and that's only there. I have no access

to it other than that dream itself. I was traveling in a foreign country at the time. The next day, I encountered a leafless mountain, feathered trees, that rose above me. It's not possible to return to the same sight. (Even supposing I were going to return there next end of winter.) It was a delicate 'gorgeous' red leafless 'gorge' in being an utterly quiet sole fall mountain gazing on which one is looking up (downward or up, space, not mattering).

Having to be at a previous step (and have to find some place to live) which is now (the dream) a bush that's a gorge; which is after, in real-time, a feathered mountain. Above, the feathery trees had no leaves. The dreamed bush (gorge) is 'before' one, is early.

'Not' in early life-time—as gorge-feathered anywhere. No-leaves—not 'subjected' to (my) life-time now by 'subjected' to it, which doesn't exist there.

A long time later, after writing this book, I realized the dream was about looking downward (at the experiences that had already occurred) at oneself without distinction between that which is past or future, one being even experience which has not happened yet—i.e. the things that then happened.

In San Francisco many scores are affected with the same symptoms, many fleeing on foot in traffic, cars veering from them now in darkness.

Some crumpled, their arms fold. A breeze blowing through the crosswalks people crumple, their arms fold there in the breeze.

Andrew Chen when they turn onto Bush sees a woman flying up the street on the lids of her lowered eyes.

The streams of people pouring in the magnolia buds are separate and to the side of these who move lids swelled who come out.

It is at the same time. Hearing cannot be stopped when it is inside, can be bliss. The streams of people either pouring in the magnolia blossoms or in the breeze ill in traffic are not in their action as sight or hearing, are within and outside. Unless there is balance people's voices cannot be stopped in one. They simply flood through.

The city is in a coil, a pool of blackness in which the buildings and restaurants, sidewalks are illumined but the soft blackness floats there.

They float in this illumined blackness to the crumpled people on the sidewalks or in the street. Panhandlers in thudding rainslabs anyway. The police and paramedics cluster, move away.

They move to a black limo still in a bus zone. A man in a silk suit sitting in the cushioned interior is not breathing. For an instant she sees the breast gently flicker, the paramedic saying he'd stopped breathing maybe forty-five minutes ago. The chauffeur is standing gazing at nothing in the black breeze on the city lights.

Stalled in traffic, the chauffeur in the black breeze, the man in back in the darkened interior surrounded by the stalled lines of cars between the buildings, people running by the cars, wears an alert and dazed face in a moment.

Officer Andrew Chen flapping in the black breeze is angry as if dipping, tossing his head slightly on his arched slender back, not quite whirling or knowing the nature of the emotion. Grace with the cars moving out standing.

Jeffrey Whitmore. The corpse is named this, a president of Techtonics, conglomerate, San Francisco Nob Hill address. The wind ripples the open limo door. Sergeant Samuels coming up in the wind

says Abe, it's five dead at this moment. The survivors, some having collapsed, two hundred and fifty-two people, are being taken to admitting facilities. No canisters, no indication of use of gas. She nods, the wind blowing her hair back so that the black hair streams behind loosely. Turning to the chauffeur Where were you coming from?

I picked up Mr. Whitmore at the lounge of the St. Francis Hotel.

Abe clear floats into the bar lounge and stopping at the bar her head turns as she moves to a table at which men and several women's faces surface through the other tables. It's almost bowing slightly, she introduces herself and Officer Andrew Chen turning to find a chair which she draws in the midst of the not quite arched slightly annoyed faces then. Andrew Chen doesn't sit down.

She indicates the information, the faces moving some rippling back consternated, but a reforming of a kind of resistance, a show of irritation. The silk suits on the breasts of the men, Grace Abe's eyes scan, and the eyes of the men are alarmed lidded darting above the breasts. She hasn't noticed the women. One bedecked not elderly with sagging stories of vast bosom on which the eyes float supported by the trembling neck, the bosom in a sequined harness. Another a blonde ashen with the line marks of smiles on gray eyes submerged in a business suit, a secretary, the lips curled trembling. In the center one of the men silk suit on a bland soft steel face interrupts.

bosom in a sequined throat as if the throat harness. Another does not exist, the legs.

She's asked their names. Tomorrow we will need to ask you some questions. Detective, I know Chief Demurgent there, we can speak to him. Mole face on the top of the silk suit. I can come to you or you can come to the station, her black hair still loosely streaming. They rise.

A relaxing of the small frame on which the swatch of the red lips completely relent opening in a soft relief. Andrew Chen makes himself at home in the chair briefly, possibly whirling. Back consternated but a relaxing of the small illumined there. The breast uncurling in the slender legs not crossed on the soft red parted lips to the waiter I would like a Johnny Walker Black on the rocks. Now Andrew Chen is gently submerged in her eyes, All right. The eyes go to the side the scotch on the edge of the throat as if the throat does not exist, the legs not crossed and breast receiving the night only because it can be with people. There in the St. Francis, yeah Andrew Chen says and he agrees.

That is, no, the night isn't only because it can be with people. Is the night on its own? when we're not on our own? Or are the two, night and one on their own separately at the same time—blackness and the swirl of the Johnny Walker in one's throat? as one is not even moving floating out in that illumined blackness but within the room with people and the inside of the chest, the loins and slender legs are illumined there.

It unfolds and there is the existing of one clear even empty with the others, an elation that is produced from once being in the soft black night?—but one isn't there now and is elated; not from being with

people in whatever circumstance? She smiles. Inside the throat smiles, as if it didn't exist on the scotch. The small thorax opens breathing.

People's faces floating around the soft lips parting, who're at tables at the bar, the night is at the same time they're inside.

The thorax open breathing outside in the night is on its own, as it is, open with the people sitting inside.

The arched back recedes and he breathes. People outside walking aren't in the night, it's on its own. The night is in the people who're being ill in the streets and running.

Andrew Chen puts one leg over the arm of the chair, leans back as he takes the first sip of his Johnny Walker Black and considers the man flying toward him on green eyes jaw slumped on the suit out on the street.

Who is the dog? The dog flying behind a man and ahead of another man, no legs as it was in the air.

She moves unobtrusively through the suite of offices, seated over files. Faces of the secretaries in a wave of disapproval only look at her back.

The double flowers, magnolia buds that are not in spring but are spring, don't exist otherwise.

Camille Roberts, one of the women in the bar last night, is Mr. Whitmore's secretary, who quietly brings files depositing them on the table.

At five, Grace Abe's in the cold air by the bus. Briefly blonde ashen lined soft face rouged on the slightly rigid bosom in a suit, the eyes trembling, cuts across the windy square to her.

Camille Roberts extends her gloved hand for some reason.

The wind moves the ashen hair that is over her eyebrows. Mr. Whitmore was involved with a woman, Susan Beckman a secretary—this is confidential. His wife does not know.

Susan Beckman. She had died, a victim in the first mass episode, Grace Abe realizes.

I'm troubled, Camille Roberts murmurs, that both could have died in two arbitrary public events.

She moves off across the square, from the back her frame slightly full, stooped now with the ash hair gently tousled on the rouged face. It's dark immediately.

The bus comes squeezing with the brakes giving while releasing and pulls into the traffic again, Grace Abe slightly turning her head mounting the steps into the lurching huge cab. A metal whale in the dark stalled line as the cold blows into the street people who stand with cups panhandling.

The metal whale moving from side to side on a purple dusk.

The dusk moves it.

I think the similarity of the Noh play and the mystery novel is the apprehension of oneself as someone else by being actions as impermanence. Actions in impermanence so are imaginary occurrences.

Is it totally dissimilar from the black bead [that's the whale] within the black ocean and on the horizon blue line at the same time—one.

This is the same as walking? Walking being a day-owl itself—no "itself." The black bead on the immense blue outside it is walking.

The sensation of the dissimilar on the ocean. That is trees.

Outside trees. They are cracking—a mass on poles

One can infantilize even action—especially action—they—in the middle—such as running

Officer Cloe O'Brien tall swaying even seated is, with the short spiked red hair balanced on the long slender white neck swaying her smile. The soft smile is all the way down in her swaying white throat, eyes bright darts on the red spiked licks which she throws back with her head.

Red spiked soft hair so short the ears are mother-of-pearl touching the smile.

With her long leg hanging over the arm of the chair so that the tiny waist bends the thigh of the tall woman, rippling when she walks the red spiked hair swaying not in a breeze but on a head—she walks on a beat, being a junior cop, Officer Cloe O'Brien touches the sides of her face with the smile.

The pink tongue the eyes that are darts cross a room

They're all sitting drinking coffee. Officer Andrew Chen tilts his head back to the side, is saying Dr. Jonah James [the scientist analyzing the poisoning data from samples of corpses on the street], then stops and looks thoughtful.

Detective Grace Abe comes in and her brows are knitted. She's mad.

observes Cloe O'Brien wordlessly. Not simply the FBI but two others unidentified. Not only condescension and ignoring her, which is ordinary—but always reversing one interiorly while one is present, there.

Everything is propaganda in every nuance of the exterior articulating the interior and articulating there not being an interior or exterior and being 'those which are actions at all'—these are everywhere and articulated as one, being one

so that to go inward is not to exist. yet one can exist no other way—as if dying before—and does—exist itself

there

and one could not be that butterfly without it

A dovecoat, except its got licks and spikes, the red glints on the head as the long slender legs in the cop's uniform which is black, with club and things swinging on it at her waist stand up. The hips sway

above the legs, the waist resting on them. Her waist rests on her wherever she walks floating below. On hills.

Walking up a steep hill swinging, the waist is still.

Mother-of-pearl ears carved, Cloe O'Brien's smile touches them.

One remembers, as having in one the gestures at every moment, the double gesture of the woman interpreting herself as higher as being the basis of converse with her—in order to verbally beat the inferior being.

One dreams that one had murdered, without having any memory of having hachetted in the dream, someone else's mother to free him whom one loves. Then seeing him at a distance, when one is fleeing the authorities, his collecting the remains and terribly hurt by this irretrievable action, he is holding an infant as if a doll that 'arose' from the murdered one. While one flees down the street.

Never before having had such a dream, it is new.

In the moment of horror in awaking the swathed "rag-ed" (the word as it was) infant in the dream was forgotten.

If one had been filled with anger before sleeping—one needed in awaking to bite the brilliant-hewed deep-red or emerald poison frog that between one's teeth in the bit, receiving the infusion is an antidote. The infusion in waking paralyzes and activates equally—so that the being flies transmuted and with no anger or remnant.

Yet returning to the infant, he was holding the infant oneself.

Dr. Jonah James analyzing the milk in loads of cartons in shipments to schools given to the children at Garfield, finds traces of hemlock, which can kill with doses so tiny that it is impossible to determine the source of death in the individual corpses.

Waking from this deep sleep, surrounded by the people walking on the street, she bites the vermilion frog when a reciprocal action from them is in her in lightning motion. She holds the brilliant red-frog-jewel in her teeth.

(Detective Grace Abe keeps a glittering emerald-ruby poison arrow frog in her pocket, the

secretions of which when bitten instantly paralyze. Standing in a trance hunting instantly activated by passing movement to move—pulling the poison arrow frog from her pocket, she takes the secretions as she begins movement [as she starts to leap on the passing

figure]. A small infusion of the paralyzing secretion by mouth acts as an antidote to Ibogaine whose effect is hunting in trance, to make sure that one does not kill.)

Odysseus's boat approaching the shores

Jonah is in the whale as in a boat with the rafters of the whale's vaulted interior floating in an immense blue space.

So he loves—as he is in the two spaces.

I realized the infant the man in the dream held was myself.

"Arcana decided on terror.

He began by importing overseers: criminals and deviants who arrived in his debt. In 1904 he placed two hundred wardens from Barbados under contract and charged them with the task of hunting down those who attempted to escape. From the ranks of the Indians he drafted four hundred boys who grew up nursed on violence and rewarded for barbaric deeds from which they could never retreat."

"Rubber traders, legally permitted to 'civilize' the Indians, attacked at dawn, trapping their victims within their long houses and then offering the gifts that were the excuse for enslavement. Once caught in debts they could not comprehend, with the lives of their families at stake, the Witotos labored to produce a substance for which they had no use."

"Overseers cut off ears for sport. For diversion they bound Indians to trees, spread their legs, and lit fires beneath their bodies. Children were tortured to make them reveal the whereabouts of their parents; young girls were sold as whores; infants were cut up to feed guard dogs; boys and young men were bound and blindfolded so that the rubber traders could win bets as they shot off the genitals."[1]

I want to be able to fly says Andrew Chen softly. Jonah has to be in the two spaces—in the Pacific Ocean, the black water—and outside beside it which is completely flat and still, lit in the striated immense sky but separate, actions being in the firmament first

and him being in the whale there also—in a night—polar yet as horizontal in being within—with stars

the blue is outside—and he is in both

Yet the spatial bead within the whale and on the immense blue also

unlike Shah Jahan building the Taj, not a building but a specter floating in the light, in evening or the early morning

Early associations. Where it's 'taken' to such an early state that it's motion—[with no first interior conflict that was arising from or being the social]. Only motion—can be.—and so is free there

later incarcerated—where he can see it—by his son for overspending

and where he [Shah Jahan] had also murdered the workers and artisans after completing the specter, so that it would be alone

spatial bead is constant—having been fleeing—separate—amongst stars

Jonah—i.e. inside the whale, and not guided by anything—not guided by anything is being within the black huge bead, and the day-moon existing at the same time existing in one's consideration only

is 'brought' [the day-moon] to be [also] in the black bead—the entire night or day extended on the blue line—that's inside and outer on the blue

the huge black bead is inside and outside the blue

the day-moon itself is inside the huge black bead with him.

As there is no relation to them—except here—it's spatial

as [or when/because] there's no guidance.

there's activity as being the black bead in the black waves [of the Pacific Ocean] as the bead's being its [the black waves'] outer [*then*]

Having to continually rebel is my experience also. But from society. It must be simply society.

Yet if there is no guidance [of (a spatial bead)—nothing to guide it, or route] and the day-moon is also in the huge black bead *with the spatial bead* within the black waves on the immense blue line—there is an outside?

[there is no "outside"—or—within] oar

If one having no guidance—the oar

[*Now.* I mean, there *was* guidance by society—from which, it was overtly indicated at an early time, one should rebel—we were being taught this by it

and one is not monstrous, nor are there any monstrous. there. the oar.] paradise.

[to be utterly alert is in [is] their rebelling. Without there being anything else possible. If one is alert everywhere

Yet utterly alert paralyzed while waiting for other movement of people passing and, where it occurs, responding as its initiation of action—moves there from the outside-motion

but then counters this by putting the poisonous illumined-red-frog in her mouth—and does not kill]

Grace Abe is in paradise by there being oar

Drug is Ibogaine [Dr. Jonah James blue eyes and sandy skin thinks], a form of antidepressant, which may have some hallucinogenic effects but is not well-known outside of tribes in Africa which use it to stalk game, a hunter able to stay motionless for as long as two days while retaining mental alertness waiting for prey to pass on a trail. The motion of the passing prey triggers the hunter to resume movement.

Dark blood-pink magnolia buds are bursting on prongs and people are pouring through them.

Buckets swathed in sequins that had been on the table at the St. Francis, the substantial bosom breathing in its vast bulwark, harness where relaxed on it the mouth spits "Susan Beckman" reflects.

Susan Beckman worked for insurance. Insurance branch for Techtonics among other companies, separate. Mrs. Bertram Russell says. That's how they met. She relaxes, yet having never been tense, on her own stacked and regal eyes, but with an even dignity resettles in the armchair the decks in harness firm beds.

Lying back on those beds Mrs. Bertram Russell not caring one way or the other about his private life except for its reflection on the Castile Merger (the proposal to merge with the Latin American Castile Company which worried her)

Did it have to do with it?

I don't know, she says softly after a pause. I was opposed, I am opposed, to the merger. Susan Beckman, legs open, not that that is of concern [and it isn't to her], came to the board meetings. Never saying anything. Insurance doesn't send a representative.

Does Case Insurance have an interest in Castile?

That's what I wanted to know, she shifts. So I checked. Castile is not responsive. Insurance has no record of relation, Mr. Saïd has no knowledge of it. The jeweled hand on the encased arm reaches out and bringing the small sherry glass to her lips holds it while she considers.

But you think there *is* a relation?

I think so.

The dowager jaws regal even consider briefly, then releasing on the neck which rests on the back of the armchair, the stalk not supported by the armchair but by the buckets covered in firm beaded rayon. Susan Beckman legs open quiet is considered for a moment.

Where there is no other substance and articulation is anticipated. Nip it in the bud—other.

The dogs flying behind that are not in spring.

Two who seem to be with the fbi, yet are brought in, long tentacle above eyelike nostrils, the 'eyes' appear holes—as they are nostrils flapping thin translucent. As if thin lids, or flaps of eyes that are delicate, yet are not eyes.

Andrew Chen and Cloe O'Brien go out on the street with Grace.

It's evening. At 16th and Valencia they stand by the market with the glowing fruit, people clustering.

The flowers there in bunches at the stand, Cloe O'Brien floats on her waist, the long legs moving up the street with her waist floating on them. Her small carved mother-of-pearl ears touched by the soft smile, the bunches of flowers at the stand are in the beginning of evening there.

Grace Abe is a small slender woman.

She breathes. The thorax as if blue-black gills opening at night. When it is the color of night.

They [the gills] relinquish and float.

Allowing the listener to rest.

Grace Abe always being the listener as she has started that way.

People pass who appearing as elephantfish have trunks, their translucent skin as they walk has the texture of tinfoil.

One reaches out and touches the trunks of the people going by, who start.

Dart a short way, then resume.

A child comes forward swimming on green eyes in a bright black face. Jetting in the crowd—they see around that people's insides emerge.

It begins to rain softly. People running.

That the listener had been wrong in her analysis the ghost entering her anyway—that there was merely an occurrence created

Yet returning to the friend, which is impossible, there would only be blankness or hatred from her.

Having believed the friend had infused this man, yet it comes from outside.

A group of school children coughed up flying from the Bart Mission subway station fly straight forward on green-bead-eyes in the lighted black faces that are on bobbysocks, and some flopping are knelt beside by Officer Cloe O'Brien, the red soft spikes on her head bending on the waist.

She wades on her waist kneeling, a child's insides emerging out as they're throwing up.

The people falling around them, Grace Abe takes off after a running figure which has clouded-back.

She sees around her many of the pointed-head tentacle the apparent eyes nostril-holes on the flat faces which tear into a boy swiping, snuffling. Glide facing (?) down, where there is no face.

On the bed of the street motoring snuffling the flat faces cruise the empty holes seeming to be eye-flaps. The nostrils have figures glide in front of them.

The rain falls silently.

The rain falls silently in one's hearing—falling straight outside.

The soft green land doesn't rise—the rain falling straight—the green isn't rising which is in one's hearing.

The rain and hearing the rain quieted her. Whatever glided by—one glided by through it—is outside the rain falling silently

straight falling

Of the city. The land isn't lit except being in falling rain

Only when the rain is falling silently are they there.

The land isn't lit, it's in falling lit rain

Grace Abe wearily remembers a priest who centuries ago freed an emperor from a ghost by meditating only. I wish that priest were alive now.

The night before, Cloe O'Brien's mother-of-pearl ears, pulled gently by a man's hands so the long slender legs are not guided by the waist, but drawn by the hands, still listen.

The man kissing, receiving—the small mother-of-pearl carved ears are shells visible in the dark, are too. They're additional in the dark. From his point of view.

Small mother-of-pearl ears. He finds them again, coming.

Her mother-of-pearl carved delicate ears glow in the dark. The wind is moving.

Then it is early morning. She reemerges, walking to her car and seeing around her figures with flat faces only holes for eyes that are delicate flaps of nostrils—are not eyes—walls on the bright wind.

The flat faces that are walls, with the curved slash of mouth 'face' others in the wind, upstanding, or cruise 'looking' with only flaps of holes downward. Cloe O'Brien gets into her beaten convertible and

there being no top [roof] in the lit air looks carefully at the moving men. Her eyes shining glints, then the soft smile touches the sides of her face.

Starting the engine, the car's small beaten sides begin. Having no top, it shoots off.

Grace Abe settles in Cloe O'Brien's convertible. Cloe O'Brien's shining eyes touch the small carved ears when her red soft spiked head bends as she lugs the bags aside on the curb at the San Francisco Airport, Grace Abe swimming with the bags through the automatic doors then at that moment.

The Pacific Ocean, a flat black plate

Buffeted on this black plate, in an airplane.

A sailor on a freighter having drunk too much by himself fallen overboard the ship going on with no one seeing him in mid-ocean at night—said—a tortoise there sustained him all night and into the day

until a freighter passed, picking him up.

The tortoise's legs are oars. Under the black sky and the black ocean yet without any tortoise. The

black horizon (of eventless black ocean and black sky, different

different also *in* the Arctic Ocean's horizon and ocean, and Indian Ocean's black horizon and black ocean—at that moment, that black sky and ocean being distinguished from each other 'there'

Grace Abe goes to a temple in Kyoto and placing herself sitting on the wooden balcony of extended balcony-ramps, the ancient verandas of the Zen temple which overlook the garden in which there is a raked sand-rise for reflected on, or concentrating attention to the, moon, even in the day the moon is there, changes her back in the wind.

She is apprehensive but patient. Walking out earlier the wind touching her she begins to cry from mere walking—by itself.

The figure comes as she sits of the shot balconies seen in all directions.

It nosily blasting without sound being there on raked sand-rise with the day-moon being in one's intestine.

It enters her as is seen coagulating outside ahead in front of the flimsy day-moon, which by being flimsy illumines the whorled legs-on-head of marine assassin which flies into her from above, the face contorted.

The day-moon is in her intestine before the marine-assassin enters the horizon. Therefore blasting frontally barely perceptible her illumined legs and trunk as an overlay—the day-moon is merely there.

Within her intestine—the day-moon is merely there.
i.e. it is there before. at the same time. in the future at the same time being there.

So there's snow on the limbs yet a complete opposite time of blossoming trees in spring—there. Kyoto.
The eclipse of the moon—'occurring,' blowing—with Mars on the right-hand side
the blackness is as much 'occurring' as one

The eclipse of round white ocular bulb-moon blowing in clouds sweeping in blackness is past, occurring at the same time as present next-early time—the past occurs at the same time being experienced
exists as being experienced—which is also experience of that not being [at the same time] one

The train passes first from snow-laden fields and limbs—yet at that same instant to [separate] the blossoming limbs of trees [at present].
She has a meeting with Detective Kazuoka So-ami, of the Tokyo police.
At night—day occurs at once.

The expression is in the neck, as well as in the brows—and there are eyes, bead; the lips having expression—the hands lifted and in motion, not either holding or open palm in meditation. Lips have to have expression, all. Every characteristic being in motion—the neck not 'causing'/producing motion in the jaw and brow yet motion being in each which is urgent and is concentration [concentrating] in individuals, *having lived* at present.
Those which are conceptualizations [deity-demons benign guards]—their limbs, legs and chest of clouded color—are in motion as if each limb or part individually. [Around] the nipple is stained as if a hole is unfolding also. So what occurs is outside of the limbs. *And outside the limbs is actions only.*

The brow knitted in what could be suffering-attention or concentrating, on the neck and clavicle, on drooping mouth-lines—above the clasped centered hands, in neither meditation or prayer?—is being in neither meditation or articulation-action?

Man seated on floor with his knee up and one down, his eyes having consciousness, his mouth is slightly open.

It can't be one

Conflict is in the Calvinist [which is our culture], seeing everything as other—the self as that also—so that articulation in the 'private' is utterly low, one is ridiculous except as exterior definition.

I think the Noh drama is about watching oneself dead [also [having] died] in the present—so the past, present and future are seen to be impermanent, 'there' [meeting oneself earlier having died—while one is alive].

Conversely, the sculptures of individuals [people] are [each] in one time. Yet similar to Noh, they are separate [are of individual motions] so as to be in past, future, and present at that one time [of seeing].

The motions of the robe float on the clavicle of the neck—on which mouth-lines on knitted brows wrinkled on the eye-irises are

his palm is laid down on a knee on the motions of the robe, the other hand in the air on a finger as if he were speaking is utterly quiet. yet his lips are closed on the urgent motions. [These are sculptures, primarily of people, from ten centuries from the Kofukuji Temple.] the gently pressed mouth on the wrinkling brow of eyes is articulation-silence while the quiet hand is motion of speaking

in sunset at present, the sun-ball illumining the figure-face—his gently pressed mouth is separate in it. When in the banded rose horizon, the darkness engulfing the separate figure-[as motions] is shred.

The eclipse of the moon was last night—at present two owls call to each other in blackness in tandem as if oneself's eclipse outside. As physical.

Morning is the revolution of the horizon—not within. [Not within itself—and being there].

morning—and—horizon

The widow of Kawamura Yoshimichi—early—is reaching out in lit air of daylight as she has perceived extended there a small mother-of-pearl carved ear in the air.

She cups it holding in one palm.

Looking down running, the delicate ear held in the palm in the wind outside—and to the side separate, the man is outside there. [The man was Kawamura Yoshimichi, as the infant was myself.] The ear isn't his, or noticed by him. Nothing is noticed by him there.

Thighs open, a rose that's her [Grace Abe sitting in chair nude to Kazuoka So-ami—seen by him]—she sits

Seeing the rose that's between thighs open is in past by this being only in present 'there'. Seeing open thighs—his seeing—is in past in being 'just' at present.

The furled rose is in between thighs open—is in them—she sits at a present that therefore appears in past [also, at the same time]. [It is in it.]

The thighs open with the rose that's her in them—one's—he moves to her side, sitting beside her.

Both are naked—the furled rose separate, between them. Furled rose is between them, hers as separate he moves to her naked flesh beside it.

He doesn't touch the furled rose. His hands don't touch it.

Kazuoka So-ami had been away on a trip—only quiet on one's and on his thoughts can respond to his mind's both. To his mind's being there at all. [Which is 'both'.] Yet the activity of the furled rose is—separate in the air.

He touches it. Both touch it.

He comes back in the evening. Touches it.

In complete silence day-owls are in bliss with no hearing.

Officer Andrew Chen is interviewing a survivor, Mr. Joachim Ortega, who is ill from aftereffects of hemlock in the most recent episode in San Francisco, in which five people died and three hundred were affected.

Outside the face is green—with a slobber clinging to it—in which the mouth opens which [are] pink delicate flaps—I put it in the containers and must have touched them.

The delicate flaps squeeze and release—within emits more fluid flooding the flaps. Rather than the eyes, the face looks out from this anguished exterior. The eyes seem to have been first to retain but then cease.

What?

The tickets. Slobber floods the head again. Mr. Ortega trembles a stocky short man. Outside, in the apartment.

Information about the print on subway tickets being a source of the hemlock has not been released to the public. Andrew Chen's thorax leaps into his mouth breathing

his mouth then is in the thorax which is breathing below.

Arguing for the release of information about subway tickets, Captain Jasper Frank wants to warn the public. But Chief Demurgent didn't want to cause a panic in the populace or prejudice the public against using the Bart system. As of yesterday, he's ordered strict surveillance of the ticket vendors and agents. He maintains to Captain Jasper Frank that additionally this will be a secret which is the only access to apprehension of the criminals.

The police, FBI, and news media are linking the incidents to terrorism. Chief Demurgent rejects Detective Grace Abe's line of inquiry on TECHTONICS as failing to account for events outside of a local source; having ordered her to confine her investigation to the local.

Mr. Joachim Ortega lives in a Mission Street hotel room. Among his possessions there are containers of Bart tickets. Also a revolver.

Officer Andrew Chen leaves the hotel room with Mr. Joachim Ortega into a clear bright cool street. A dog is walking before them. Its rear opens and emits a long hose.

The hose is torn off in the wind—from the mouth of the intestine at the rear it sways off.

A woman from a top floor throws down from the window a few dollars wrapped around change to Joachim Ortega.

Investigating the hotel room, officers found bills in large denominations. Andrew Chen returned to interview the woman who threw the money from the window and interviews everyone else in the hotel. The woman, Mrs. Ortiz, has five children, all living in the one

room. She does not know Mr. Ortega very well and was sympathetic because he was being arrested.

People are pouring into the Bart subway station. They form lines in front of the ticket-vending machines. There's a surge and another gathering brushes through the turnstiles. Entering the station, Andrew Chen looks hesitantly in front of himself. He lacks faith that surveillance is adequate—Demurgent is jeopardizing public health, in Chen's opinion. The personnel, who also have not been warned about the hemlock, are visible, while the multitude of commuters pour onto the platform.

Palms in the air the fingers fold on the tickets. Andrew Chen wears gloves. He does not eat or drink in public now.

Officer Cloe O'Brien moves her long slender leg that is from herself onto the stool at the counter in the coffee shop.

She swings onto the stool sideways. Sipping, she remembers she isn't supposed to drink anything in public. She fingers her gloves.

She's thinking. The night before, the man had pulled on her belly. Pulling her belly, being at the side of her—then putting it in, coming.

A little boy sees her through the window.

He's running by. The boy comes into the coffee shop and gets her. They're running up the steps of a nearby apartment building beside each other. He brings groceries to Mrs. Barrutti. The door of her apartment is open [the boy has left it open] and Cloe O'Brien stops there. Wait here, she says.

She enters the apartment quietly. A hysterical yapping hammers. Crossing to the bathroom, she moves the slightly open door aside. A mountainous translucent chest of two bosoms floating on the water and bulbous belly sticking through the surface, the red mop of hair floats on the whitened dead face on the surface where a small dachshund yaps having jumped into the tub onto the voluminous layers of chest.

The woman in the translucent layers has died from hemlock, it is determined or suspected.

To be slicked back like a dog—she thinks [as if that is herself], her steps buoyant.

As it isn't in morning—and—the horizon
To be on both sides at once—of what? Being outside but the 'interior' of people is transformed. They're not transformed by both. Yet they change within—in any occurrences.

So day-owls are in bliss or in hell

This is the oar

I frequently am in bliss and in hell at the same time. It is actions—in the present [only]—yet apprehended

There're in oneself [—out there—not myself, rather on the line, or the surface of the skin yet within one, is one's mind]; not that one is being hindered [such as by society] or encouraged either.

To continue to undo reinterpretation is to be spring. One is being hindered by society in anyone speaking in spring. Or in anything. In that it is itself creating dislocation.

The particular relation spatially reinterprets one to what it is not

—while [or as] being in the separation between the curled ascending ocean-luminous waves where the whales jumped visibly in them and [the space on which] the irises there with cattle on them horizontally [both sides] existing in an also [another] horizontal spatial separation visibly there between day and night. These are at the same time—one

We insist on sleep. [This is merely a state of exhaustion.] But it exists as the ascending ocean-luminous waves, far away, to the side [at 'one' side] of the irises on cattle *not* [not in exhaustion]

Seeing the dog jumping on the redhead in the tub—it isn't in either bliss or in hell [so may be both]

Figure of Cloe O'Brien is lying sitting up in the beaten convertible driving—in that the long slender legs in the black hose [the pants of the uniform] of the police uniform are folded, so they float only on the waist and chest—and the black wind is on the convertible.

It is on her red hair which hardly ruffles and it is in the blackness. She's driving and the moon's also in the black wind and then in her breathing.

At the same time. A soft smile touches her ears.

That he had handled, coming. His hands found her face and head, coming.

She stops the car and backs up. To see the moon.

'Analysis' of relations between people is seen as feminine now. Description, separation itself, is regarded as erotic 'as' hierarchy, thus the configuration of its articulation—that it maintain it is not description. They aren't interested in relations between people, as being 'experienced' already.]

Isn't there at once in one—the nerve jumps on the line—within the arms, within the thorax black breathing

Not representing or corresponding—in nature—but separate there. 'Relation' between people may be in flesh and unspoken physical occurrences.

So Noh has to see oneself dead in present-time and the mystery novel has to see oneself alive as at the same time in present-time.

Things come out of their mouths which they then forget about.

Yet interpretation not being the quality of the traveler—they themselves pass [by]—[they both pass for something else and 'pass by.'

Taught that people aren't anything, one doesn't know then in necessity [or curiosity] what form of observation is indicated.

[Taught that people aren't anything—anyone, at all—

so behavior is not the same as eclipse shred—and it is the same as eclipse shred, at once]

The nomad-ghosts [or the not-dead], yet in terror, are in an alternate present going on at the same time alongside our present.

Usually invisible to people, they are seen only if the viewer is in a state of being dislocated. The viewer is drawn into them then. By seeing them.

It is terror which occurs by interacting with them. Seeing them at all is that interaction.

So the men shuffling to the subway, or flying, faces down, draw those in with them. One can enter a state of engagement with them [the nomadic-ghosts] while one is disturbed.

There have become so many of these that they never cease. Is this continuance itself?

Why are they not alive ever? That is one's fear, waking, of not having lived—and not living then, at night—? When one is awake or asleep, paired—separate and not in either.

That night, not living.

So that one can't sleep or wake as being aware

that's it

Cloe O'Brien now walking on the street is surrounded by them. figures that have open mouths. Her long slender legs float her waist. On the red soft hair the eyes open. Turning toward one after another seen, a shining smile touches her ears.

If she is seeing them, or not. The pearl skin under the water in the tub.

She sees and isn't being dislocated.

Kazuoka So-ami, arriving from Tokyo (to confer about the similar poisoning episodes in Japan), is at a party for the San Francisco mayor and city officials. People come up and say wild things to him, that he never likes to be alone. That he takes pictures. Dressed alike.

Streaming dressed people with a centered core that is, by that, dislocated. As the core can't be there.

So that they are alone.

Naked Grace Abe had been seated legs parted on the chair.

He pulled on her naked belly—when she was lying and him moving her pulling her belly that is beside him

He thinks this—standing in the mayor's party. Another time, Cloe O'Brien is on the street and 'dreams' that the man coming on her as the trunk of the elephant between her legs

she's walking

Officer Cloe O'Brien comes in and is on the crowd resting. At that gathering.

Not even beckoning as that would be not being strangers. They are nomad-ghosts there. Everything's alive eats. But that may be the same as eating. Rocks cannot turn into cherries. [or eating may be the same as not evening]

The nomad-ghosts there eat. That is evening.

Grace Abe, sitting in her car, where she has slept afraid to go home, sees a grapefruit-like pulp fly on the windshield. A fly flies. It is that. On it she sees the face of the widow.

Mrs. Jeffrey Whitmore then is dead? Though the state of the nomad-ghosts ["ghosts" only because they are invisible—they are not-dead 'to one'] is as if fleeing. Having to be entirely alert all the time—and there is nothing there except the landscape.

The black ocean—in attention. But this isn't terror. [Is the reverse.] I've forgotten terror; yet it is an internal occurrence separate from people, which isn't even death [or not itself is, as having died is not experienced by one ever?]—not subject to people. I used (being young) to wake in terror fearing I hadn't lived.

And the black ocean is not at war then.

[anywhere] and therefore no requirement—of calm even—there is attention.

One has to be outside—this—not having memory of terror, to have the antidote; yet that constitutes just no longer being that former-person [who one was, who'd had sensation of terror—or who is other, the nomad now, there]

being the nomad constituting having no memory

then it is the quiet of oneself while being in actions—[the nomad]

not-isolated—even where calm is an action—in which one is in it and therefore separate from it

Nothing being inside one—and outside the wind is blowing yet it is extremely bright-cold early with [also] trees blossoming

had

trees blossoming [yet] the wind is blowing through the surface [that's there]

one is 'next to' 'through' the surface yet separate from the wind's surface

All right, then open gills, they seem not to know anything.

Because the nomad-ghosts might be travelers who were business people having to make constant plane trips—or they could be city homeless who, however, usually create homes outside, moving in or remaining within a small area.

The eyes fall on these and don't see them.

Yet nomads who are in various spaces at once, ambulant, and as such *of* these spaces at once, alive, may comprehend the ghosts too and not be drawn in.

Cloe O'Brien's soft red spikes of hair glint in the black wind. She's standing and the red glints on the head flicker in the black wind.

Her eyes aren't the way of seeing in the black wind.

Traveling is the only thing one can do.

Green waves come down curling and the black curving trunked-figure swimming reverberating in them moving sideways following moves on eyes.

The urban ghost-nomads] occur from other's dis-location, the agitation in one while in one's past and present at the same time—which then one becomes.

One becomes it from it. (living at present, one sees oneself dead in the past). Dislocation is present-time, a continual separation—that isn't only death

—it's in between beings, here? That is agitation *per se.*

[April 4, 1997—Allen Ginsberg died—while I was away from this, in New York—like a hole in the blue ozone—shock]

it could happen to oneself but not him—is the sense—as necessary to abstaining from separation

[no one's abstaining—etc.—their being]

One is vulnerable to seeing the urban nomad-ghosts [Abe can see them] in seeing separation, but that of the Arctic night from the black Arctic Ocean [not just separation from the horizon, there]. Jonah [guideless] isn't separate when in the bead-on-horizon and in first fleeing. Silence is rest and full, it doesn't create loneliness—in either.

in either horizon or one

Flying one's lips closing on the jet-red tiny poison frog and biting are paralyzed.

Finding the man only stunned in the dark, she retrieves the frog from his mouth—it's difficult to breathe, the diaphragm paralyzes.

Dusk-evening meets early-light-morning in a circle—but without time or night being in between, separate but alongside each other as a

circle in space. Is in that space there has to be no ghost—as that is itself eclipse. It's shred on it.

Is the Arctic night in a circle of the black Arctic Ocean at the same time—either on the other's horizon existing separate.

Being someone else occurs continually, one's on either horizon—entirely black.

the necessity of not being oneself ever.

One's seeing initiates seeing in the otherwise invisible nomad. They aren't blind but are inattentive to one except when being seen.

Cloe's eyes are wide open but she doesn't look at them. So she can walk in the midst of them, through them. Her gaze is above and below the horizon line with no sound.

They exist with no sound. Others, those flopping projecting with the jet coming out of their mouths, are seen around them soundlessly.

Cloe is not dislocated in her being; so perhaps she can see the invisible nomads only because other people seeing them (by being themselves in a state of dislocation) have whipped them up.

Grace wants to not have customs—wants actions only. Yet hers is a disturbed view still.

So the marine ghost entered her earlier. And she's vulnerable to the destructive influence of the invisible nomads.

Custom is in regarding people even. The gaze that's on the soundless movement outside [of people and the nomads moving not visible to the people there] in the grainy night is only.

The gaze is an action not contemplative and soundless

is spring and the black Arctic Ocean—and is in it.

and dawn

Birds are on the horizon very close at dawn singing outside, as the separation is dawn—the nomads could be birds too.

one could only exist as that. say. at all.

Man on his tie and shirt rams the windshield at the line of blackness and rose-dawn evenly. He's both in the soft blackness and the rose.

The eyes just open.

The comet is visible to the left—red bulbous Mars hanging on the far side, above the eclipsed moon, and the car there. The same occasion. It's across the line.

How does that guy run up the stairs with that iron can—[on his back, from a garbage truck]?

I don't know.

White-haired woman in bobby-socks saddles bag on the crown of head to walk when by highway with her eyes slanted to the side downward passes one.

Then one realizes one is simply always trying to replace someone else. [to re-place.]

It may be to supplant in order to substitute oneself. Or to do away with entirely. It may be to replace some other being in order to have them be at all. (As when someone dies.)

And after doing so, one has no connection. No friends or family, no one knowing one.

Is dawn The eyes the Arctic just open? It is realistic. Boys go by on skateboards which are even with the horizon crack, invisible there.

Figures here and there—floating trunks—only—only folded legs without any trunk—in intense day heat with white blossoms on trees—a flame tree—are—in the night the floating trunks (of figures)?

They're being at night—in intense day heat:—live figures lying on the ground stretched—amidst floating figures' trunks

Live reclining figures on grass in intense day heat—and floating reclining figures trunks legs indicating dying—are those at night?—no: are in intense day heat also

—floating are—yet one not floating, walking—in intense day heat—(day not in night)

—live reclining figures on grass—one is walking—in intense day heat (only)—as (one's) floating

or night?

Officer Andrew Chen had talked to Margaret Cress, a secretary at Case Insurance. She had been friends with Susan Beckman.

Eclipsed side knowing one. Margaret Cress has extremely buck teeth. She leans over the table in a restaurant at lunch unable to keep the

food behind the teeth. The mash occurs on the rim. It rinses the rim. Her knees butt Officer Andrew Chen's knees under the small table, a buffalo bumping on a mountain. By itself. In blue.

Case Insurance has the contract for Turnlock Corporation, a steel company in Pittsburgh. Turnlock has been acquired by Castile Company in a hostile takeover.

Susan Beckman was under considerable stress in the days prior to her death. She confided to Margaret Cress that Turnlock was putting heavy pressure on Case; and that she had copied confidential correspondence from Turnlock to the president of Case to show to Jeffrey Whitmore.

Squashed by the black city-illumined sky in Cloe O'Brien's beaten convertible Cloe and Kazuoka So-ami ride on the bridge in wind.

Squashed by the black sky the cocoon rides—a bead outside the blue

Cocoon dragged, as dragged by a horse

in wind

Squashed by the black city-illumined sky they ride through Berkeley in the beaten car.

With his eyes closed, he sees Grace Abe's sideways smile.

Resting on them, Cloe O'Brien has draped one leg over the arm of the chair and another sitting, her arms spreading to turn the pages of the newspaper while reading to the resting Andrew Chen.

Orion in black on the left—of bowed orange waxing moon-sliver beside—huge comet [Hale-Bopp] with arrayed-tail dropping

a bottom arch-moon

sometimes its orange sliver-bow rested with bow almost on the ground

drive forward on road straight to it

moon's waxing rim—resting solely in blackness—'then'—on road and at the side—as on black also

it rests just on the blackness

the cattle in day stand on irises—so there's—a separation solely between the cattle and irises.

the quiet cattle aren't walking even, on the irises

the cattle are hearing the irises there

The blackness in which the bottomed-arch moon-crescent-waxing lies, when one's driving—

the moon on nothing but the blackness resting vertically off a cliff, the Hale-Bopp comet tailing beside—changes everywhere as they drive straight to it

Captain Jasper Frank sits in his darkened office, darkened because his eyes hurt, waiting for Grace Abe. She'd called. The mouth closed is parched for a cigarette, which he's quit. His dove eyes in their lids rest wearily where he's leaning back in the rotating spring-chair, his revolver strapped on the shirt on his belly [he's not wearing his jacket], when he hears a sound. In the outer hall. Just quiet. Doesn't know what it is. He moves slightly back down from leaning in the chair his gray hair and eyes sagging alertly. Grace? he says. He removes the revolver from its holster. There's a muted sound. A bullet comes from the open door which just opens. Yet the captain has moved. His eyes can't see. A flash. He also shoots immediately. The figure crumples. A face on the dark is Grace Abe's, behind the crumpled figure. Now kneeling, she looks up in the light he's just switched on.

The man on the floor who's dead is one of the men who'd taken part in the police meetings. CIA, Captain Jasper Franks says pushing him.

Detective Grace Abe, her legs pearl white in the illumined light, says The files from TECHTONICS on Castile reveal that Castile is actually TECHTONICS: an American company using TECHTONICS as an umbrella and headed by George Buckner. The correspondence delineates deliveries of products to the Bay Area from Colombia. At the same time as these deliveries, the streets of Oakland were flooded with Crack. There's implication of CIA involvement with Crack traffic but this can't be proven. Also hostile takeovers by Castile of American companies, and current moves on its part to acquire Japanese-owned American companies. There are names listed of employees who do not work for TECHTONICS—who may work for Castile.

He grunts bending. What do you suppose was motivating this?—he indicates the man sprawled in the dark.

I think they're going to get everyone. Anyone who has information on Castile is being eliminated. They don't care now about subtlety. Your phone may be tapped. They may have known I was coming.

I also don't know about Chief Demurgent, he sighs. It's best that I go directly to the mayor. He begins lifting the body—this's part of the evidence which may disappear, if I leave him. He moves as a gray wrinkled elephant in the electric light.

Lakes that were polluted.

Just being in that space—which is the actions [repeated or on top of each other singly]. The space [and apprehension] doesn't 'transform' interior as it is single in *both.*

The thorax is outside and has no rain. The actions [movements] are on top of each other. The reflections are sort of empty.

To be understood holding a small orchid winged people running.
She has never been asleep.
not affected on rain coming down

Grace Abe and Kazuoka So-ami walk on the cool Market St., pools of urine [or it is in streaks] staining the sidewalk.

They've made many calls, looking for people named in the Castile correspondence.

They talk to each other. He says When I was about seven my mother was sent away to a hospital for a long time. I had not yet chosen my own clothes or taken care of myself. My father took me to the closet, showed me my clothes, and said You get up in the morning, choose something to wear, eat breakfast, and go to school. I thought with a leap of happiness I am on my own.

Some other being a 'quiet person,' [which is condemned by someone who says she likes noisy people as they are 'not repressed,' as if these were social]—language being itself noise whether it is silent thought or spoken—that is not-social as 'not repressed' in soundless movement. There's a ground that's empty neither past or future in one as [being] events outside. One is those.

The man is in a hotel room in the Tenderloin. He is a thin wrinkled body almost no face. He's in a state of euphoria. Occasionally the eyes are from the wrinkled body.

Only.

On crack, only the brain dilated shrunken is in the wrinkled gut. Or maybe the eyes of others are only there. On him.

He says he poisoned the Beckman woman, intending to get Whitmore too on the same day but missed my target then.

Who hired you?

Buckner has a number. The man's chattering but without a face, I'm getting out. That's why I'm in this dump. He turns the wrinkled gut in the light—It's too dangerous, I'm getting out

Memories as motions have weight in an infinite space. To track unacknowledged or forgotten motions (not thoughts or obsessions—but gestures, movements) and to track these in the present:

Waking lying in bed in darkness.

Waking while lying in bed aware that rain is coming down in complete silence.

Jetsam

To define people ahead of themselves. To speak before they can speak, interpreting what they *are* saying, which is inaccurate, they aren't, and aren't ever allowed—when that one is a child—so that there is no silence for them, causes them to become separated from themselves and later to be in frenzy.

And continue to talk to themselves separated, so there is no silence there either.

These when adults, crazed as the mimicking of this state [earlier configuration of manipulation]—re-inoculated with the same experience, which is a separation *per se* in one being completely controlled there

pass into a state of not knowing themselves but in which planks begin to fall away.

One knows more and more about oneself and thus time is not striated.

The earlier instance of adult instigating frenzy in order for that one to be sustained—the child there in response to this sustains; yet by listening to the other instigates the *outside's frenzied state* only.

So frenzy is instigated from contrary opposite sources.

The frenzy created by or surrounding that earlier adult is there simply for the sake of itself.

That there is no calm possible, or concentration—for others

They [others] can never be any one as they are not 'allowed' concentration.

Despair occurs in the person who is the listener (the one sustaining). Which is there not being concentration, who *are* that innately. They have only been allowed to be a function to listen and have been drawn in as listening. The person seeking the control [over the listener] has no experience of concentrating or paying attention. They 'get' attention, pursuing it. It is empty yet is the other side, a flap which comes together at a seam with another flap, of chaos. That instigator of a swirl of such chaos may not be in a hell that they 'themselves' have sustained.

Who are these ('themselves')?

There are many of them. That's what they *are.* Simply many.

In one instance of the planks falling away, one sees that one had listened, as a child receptive. This had never been visible—as time, it could not possibly be seen.

So it doesn't have a revelation except to oneself. Yet that revelation is utterly thorough.

There appearing to be no way out of this obligation and being controlled—and existing—in that the other speaks beginning ahead of one and 'denying' one's observed experience, in that it is never seen

so that one observes one's experience—and the moon in the hot sky empties out the sky, the blackness becoming invisible

so that existing and experiences are separated

Some become terribly angry at their being denied being in a way. If listening doesn't take place, nothing new can occur (in the speaker who is controlling)

nor can they take in anything that is already occurring—in real time.

'New' is 'from them' (the listener)—to the speaker. So there can be no speaker in one observing (or having)] one's experience

It may be that having been denied being, the immature larvae fixed in anger—they're wired, plugged in—pull lunging on their wires. The wires are glued to the larvae so that the holes begin to bleed a pink substance.

Everything is done to facilitate the speaker first before—no other's experience existing

so that if there are memories of others, who are the facilitators—ones, these are visual sights only. Experiences themselves are mute, in anyone.

So just as the day and night appear separately—and one has no existence, they are without existing—bursting cool early; with everything ahead or behind as they are one—the black and early light.

Sound is above the early light—birds, cars. The early light is a band on the ground through which the various beings pass forward, as sights only to the deaf. They go by passing through this thin band lit.

The deaf one immune to anything except the moment of movement—one's observed experience even silent manipulated so as to be inaccurate [by the hammering invasion of the attention-seeker]—is in a state of bliss parted from the early soundless cars and birds.

They fly. In the bursting cool of early evening and morning. At once.

Not ever hearing a sound, Anthony Smith—an accountant, who by his deafness is inside a singing lighted dome of heaven, where walking one is very close to it—he is close to it by a listening that has always been and is entirely quiet. Coming up walking to something that has never been seen. Though the eyes function—one's experience having been invalidated, Anthony's has not, a streak through the eye—the eye isn't useful. He sees but does not impinge, so he hasn't any (experiences)—exists outside.

The birds begin to chatter again above. People directed into being the opposite of themselves—to be turned into servants who have no being 'by' (beside) the experiences of the attention-seeker (the speaker)—are instigated somehow in violence toward others.

This is occurring in people outside, killings or attacks which have similar characteristics: that the people are partially eaten and that the episodes occur in parks or malls.

Out on the street, homeless people walk talking to themselves (alone) on both sides of the street—some people who have homes drive by and talk aloud to themselves. It is a finding of location, and a re-locating of oneself in it continually.

The deaf one is immune, not speaking to oneself—ever.

A couple, amorously lying on each other in the bushes, a man was crouched on them moving away. The couple's respiratory cages were paralyzed and then they became flaccid.

The couple are found dead. Anthony Smith merely seeing within, his respiratory cage is entirely open inside of which vault soundless birds are swooping.

At the autopsy it's determined that the couple died from poison causing flaccid paralysis derived from a cone snail. This ocean snail shoots fish with a barbed tongue, the fish instantly rigidifying so that it cannot retreat or move. The fish dies in rigidity from asphyxiation, then is instantly flaccid and engorged by the snail.

Detective Grace Abe bends over the dead couple in Golden Gate Park. The clothes are open parted at their parts.

She is wearing the requisite earphones wired to receive constantly. The speaker asks where one is and directs actions.

Now everyone wears the earphones, Captain Jasper Frank, the dove-lids of his eyes sagging on the jaws gently said This is a department requirement from Chief Demurgent. To be continually plugged in, moving as a unit.

Detective Grace Abe sighs and rips the wires from her ears. [She murmurs Shut the fuck up.] There's an incredible silence no birds even with the sky in the flaccid couple. The purple irises growing in the silence have no similar faculties, so are not the experiences of any.

The voice ridiculing, condescending which controls and 'forces' into actions of the opposite, all people exterior being plugged into this voice now, wired—are reversed in their being.

They become ridiculing beings first—as if first directed to being that, which was not in their early being or articulation. Being is only articulation 'there'—so opposing the wired, is to cross out of being or articulation. Is to have no moon when it is there (direct contradiction). To have no moon outside when it is always there.

The wires are fed into the plugged in running, and the deaf one saw a figure loping crouching.

Their IDs read David Fillmore who is a graying man and Annette Phillips, young slender-legged, wasp-waist which is in a bed of purple irises. The waist is in the earth. Flaccid after an instant of rigidity.

The detective flinches over the couple. They have been partially eaten.

Recent murders that have taken place have this component. The deaf man, Anthony Smith, is the first person to see anything.

Grace Abe's mind in silence moves slightly to the recent visual memory of a man in similar condition. A jogger running, also in

Golden Gate Park, was shot with a tiny barb, the killer apparently crouching in bushes. The jogger's organs had been removed. Only the liver of the victim was found. In the bushes partially eaten.

David Fillmore is a department store executive from an old San Francisco family. He was married, no children. Crosswalks people a pool of blackness in quiet whirling.

Detective Abe crosses the street to David Fillmore's apartment building.

Interior, as if there were mirrored out of delicate trees still open.

Speaking, and at the same time one's insides.

Physical yet silent source or initiation of the moving in the slabs. Opening and closing feeling there. limbs do not unfurl.

The thorax is outside and has no rain. One's gaze occurs at the reflected, as if a thought.

First seeking them Officer Andrew Chen bunched in a coat comes up to her. These are not actions that are in one.

But not hearing, physical interior being slabs of black rain fall in.

Silently remembering hearing in blackness two owls on either side of her wooing. The blackness isn't either liquid or visible in the sense that the eyes aren't the active agent in one there. The balmy soft clear blackness seemed to be only. Not simply conducting it. Her hearing wasn't an action on her part and was in the blackness.

They go in together. There's a really flat blackness. The redhead lips trembling with rage—silence is only hearing inside: producing inside (producing itself) and hearing that—face imprinted by the interior rage on the moist lips, Mrs. David Fillmore furls.

She's almost spitting in the rage at his death—him dying, the rage becomes continuous.

Faster, until the heart out-beats it bursting in the water in which she's wading—propelled ahead to him, who being dead is unapproachable.

Grace Abe is unapproachable as she is seated there listening. Swans dipping their necks feed on the surface.

The moist mouth furls and is swept as it is trembling.

There are all sorts of barn animals on the grass.

Mrs. David Fillmore gasps and talking about his business and associates, pours tea into the mouth where the tea is unrelated, untouched.

They're in the couple's apartment in San Francisco, Grace Abe brushed backwards by the other woman's hurling at him.

Who grapples hurting him with an iron hook but to draw him back [from having died], her choking seemingly on the tea but provoked by the loons

loons on the sea diving—that's it

Gasping she sends Grace Abe out—pouring tea. The door closes.

Grace, Officer Andrew Chen says Where would you like to go?

[Grace Abe's father had played a game when his offspring were small in which the winner was the one who refrained longest from laughing when viewing the others, who could use facial expressions only, without talking. He could easily make the children laugh by his expressions, even if they could not make each other laugh, whereas it was very difficult to break his concentration.]

There is the dead—outside of this. One not existing—in being spoken—neither does dying, yet it occurs.

It's as if there are no events. Calvinist someone who if dislocated doesn't know it doesn't run in evening. As they think a person has power or is low, they don't run. They may be dislocated and thus an urban nomad and not know it as they are other in themselves. Only, they're only other, though Calvinists don't know frenzy?

It reminds her of the other situation two years before, almost copycat? Hemlock had been used in mass poisonings. At present, although some infusion is being used to kill, the conditions of the deaths are not public except for being outside in the open—nor are they in mass frenzy, are as if mimicking intimacy.

It is as if the people are alone, in entirely private actions (as if these are pressed on the outside, in parks)—yet people have already been in this same motion. Before.

Someone inside moves. no legs as it dropping in the lighted—place. To get the road completely still present events unknown.

Though the gray-eyed man is the deaf Anthony Smith these are not what are seen inside him as it is soundless—in spring he is not anyone.

Hearing is continual, is throughout [bliss]—It may flip. Because the din too is in memory and one may hear it continually. But not if one has never heard.

This one person (Anthony Smith) being deaf is not hearing his own thoughts even. Occurrences are their impermanence.

So even events don't exist for him while occurring—apprehended throughout—and this is his bliss? The whap—only I am naïve.

Wired larvae—plugged in, directions being given to them—are at the same time doing ordinary tasks and insisting that others be wired.

Army brats adore authority and have succeeded in paralyzing everyone. Their entire schema is servants. To someone.

There's a passivity in asking to be taken care of and in bullying to safe guard this.

The roaming figure uses a blow-dart as in curare; yet rather than curare the cone snail's poison is used. One's muscles are instantly paralyzed in rigidity by the flower tentacles to which the fish or person is drawn. Then the muscles becoming flaccid, the flowering snail eats.

Jizo traveling in hells and paradises also, in these one being other is not repressed and is not conflict.

The figure crouched over someone, then loping away, is seen first. She takes off running after him but has to be entirely quiet inside.

There's no relation between being quiet and running yet these occur. They only occur together.

in the middle as neither seeing or hearing and running—and the moon existing 'there'

look at the moon straight in front—running—the moon in one's intestine floats ahead

when one is deaf some other running—as a pair

the pair floating outside in one of them running by by seeing within

Wired larvae implode the blue air—they love.

One quiet running by it—the moon—as a pair [the relation] in one's intestine

that when running a bus of army brats shouting racist slurs out the window moon at the window.

Crack of moon of army brats. When one is deaf crack of moon beside one on the street

is pair—not hearing by crack of moon.
No pair in army brats moon deaf one beside crack—on the street—

and army brats moon on crack of horizon deaf one—walks in cobalt
there—run—cobalt moon—walks
army brats bellowing moon man with blow-dart

Running—the ocean is completely receptive sky on it, not transparent anywhere
all creatures congregating at the same moment and place—on lit ocean—jumping and floating there at that space.
Army brats can't run and breathe at the same time—so one has to have them [get them to] run
on glossy billows ocean sky striated not transparent or separate.
There is no place to rest there—as one can't be in it and is there—there are no actions of one in it
anywhere.
That is why one apprehends actions 'there,' which are one's.
Events are the occurrence of the discovery. They are first. Are one's, in the sense of having already occurred, and are also open, anywhere.
Actions occur ground out (by others or one—the one causing frenzy to stop any concentrating) and are completely 'different from oneself'—and vast space is there alongside.
On its own. Not knowing the actions being produced [having been resisting as if a high wind—the one who destroys any concentrating, only] allows the other whom one doesn't know, oneself.
Applying the frog to the line of fresh burns on the chest—she then lies back.
Where she is ill for two days. After a day's rest, a state of euphoria begins.
She can then enter the San Francisco spring street continual in blossoms—and around her others are. These people have pulled the wires [the requirement of wearing headphones, which applies to everyone not only the police department]. Detective Grace Abe pulls the wires out which she is required to wear to receive directives from the department, and bending over the dead couple in the park who are

lying on each other the clothes open at their parts, she hears nothing and seeing is not useful.

Reminiscent of the inactive but responsive state. One remembers the first time of perceiving so-and-so, that he was courting and lathering a person who was talentless, weak, and cruel, in order for that person to be a lackey to the one oiling—occurring in front of one with only the three present, in order to demonstrate that the observer is being excluded.

What was in so-and-so's mind? Why exclude observation?

First of all, why wouldn't she want to be excluded?

The premise is that the observer wants to be subservient.

Whatever for?

Later, that man who was the follower who'd persecuted her—deserted so-and-so

and the observation that so-and-so wanted only others weak around him, only to be flattered—weak himself—in not wanting anyone to be the person they are

there—and that there would not be friends [any]

is accurate. The observation of which doesn't change it—but unrelated to this arbitrary memory, as all memories float equally there, one is in a state of inactive and responsive euphoria running.

Grace addicted to this euphoria, Officer Andrew Chen worries, as she cannot do the job without it.

The deaf Anthony Smith is not hearing voices or addicted; memories occur non-addictive in him [memories are the addict of each other]—because he can't hear moves where people the same as birds move only—non-hearing without ears, an activity

completely reversed to the other side—of one being the other only, and being oneself [both, equally at the same time].

She bows to this—meeting him—in the park.

Dr. Jonah James describes to Officer Andrew Chen the use of frog secretions from an unidentified Peruvian frog in upper Amazon hunting magic. Andrew Chen knows that Grace has been using this for years [though he has not identified it] and he disapproves. He worries about her.

Skin secretion, previously scraped from a live frog and stored dry on a stick, is mixed with saliva and introduced into a line of fresh burns on the arms or chest.

This induces within minutes violent illness, including rapid pulse, incontinence, and vomiting, after which the recipient lapses into a state of listlessness and, finally, into a state perhaps to be described as euphoric; he later claims to be a better hunter, with improved stamina and keener senses.

P. Gorman (1986, field notes) was administered a reduced dose and felt the urge for vomiting and incontinence, and an alarming rapid heartbeat, intense sweating, fearful incapacitation, and near delirium; after a day's rest, he noted in his journal that he had "not only recuperated but was beginning to feel quite godlike in my strength and the acuteness of my senses."[2]

Like Holmes. He notices the burn marks on her arm. Grace, keep your mind on the things that are important [Andrew Chen murmurs].

She wonders what that could possibly be

so-and-so glinting vindictively excluding her while the others flock to him obeying him—directed elsewhere, she cups the frog to her chest, vomiting—in violent state—darkness in lethargy that is a hibernation in illness, until one is illumined in motion

The leaves on the trees are moving

And while the army brats moon at the window of the bus passing clouds of exhaust—the park is filled with others illumined in motion.

One's thorax beating—in the light air ahead—that is not one, and the limbs in the light air also.

He has no sound; in the wind he's dropping the hands—as she's heading toward running man with blow-dart. 'They are naïve.' Others.

It was so indigo at night a falcon killed a bird by my head.

Yet euphoria is disproportionate to the outside figure's torment. It's only itself. Torment outside returns, abandoned or dismissed and never heard or seen. The figure running ahead is its emanation. Can't jump out of it—can't speak of it.

One would have to be outside of people to exist.

She is now on the other side looking and in a state of euphoria—that is calm inside—amidst any number of figures.

One is an expression of the dislocation—and she is outside only, then her *not* adhering and *not* tormented too.

The army brats were ridiculing others' experience and as that being: having experience itself.

Transmogrifying a gesture, it doesn't exist.

Moon burns—luminous hole is moon

Epilogue

The man while dying of AIDS was apparently not acknowledging his approaching death and was usually 'blissing-out.' Others dying of AIDS, suffering, didn't have such an option, having lost cognition for example. Yet he had lost 'cognition' and was in bliss, such as in hearing music.

He came back from the opera—he was 'gone'—ecstatically describing the passages of music.

People were disturbed by his apparently not acknowledging dying, as his course was opposed to the view of being alert in one's dying, tracking it to pass through. Yet this implies a direction through the realms during and after death—living being that also—being in bliss. Could be both. Both alert and in bliss.

He could have been alert in bliss. One couldn't know.

One's pearl dress blows out onto a field of blood-red poppies, neither sky or red poppy field singly. The luminous dress pushed in it. It is pushed above the dark red poppies—one's dress is in neither sky or poppies.

While white turkeys with red combs, and with wattles, are pushed on such a field—by themselves—the blood-red poppies separately still, hearing—the empty white blotches of turkeys are singly, are the luminous dress. They are pushed not blown.

There are balls of clouds on olive trees.

Thinking of the man 'choosing' to die in bliss 'rather than' 'alert'—for bliss is alert—

a woman was seated at the opening of trees

a deer is running through the opening [luminous row tree-leaves] at that instant—her, and one's, sight is the motion—yet is the deer's motion singly. Then.

He had no mind then anyway.

When thinking of the two courses, alert or bliss; traveling, one turns and suddenly sees that as one's, *her* (the seated woman's), sight

being motion, then. That's a deer running in [as it happens] opening of trees.

Leaves are luminous motion—to

One's luminous pearl dress pushed out on a hill, which the blood-red poppies swept, is pushed. Toward one descending on the road though far away the long loose black hair in the small sky, and the luminous dress on dark poppies vast pushed, itself not seeing. The dress is before one.

There's a pushed luminous before one on dark-red open poppies—the field hearing in dazzling light—but not seeing—though seeing dress luminous outside—one

Five people were killed in three places by a figure using a blow-dart.

A dog, yet with the eyes not there [not holes or closed lids] but smeared as if innocent or snubbed, effaced muzzle on neck on a man's torso, moves on a man's legs, the feet in [as if] moccasins or booties tied on the legs.

Anthony Smith's testimony is taken in sign language, and both the interpreter signing and Detective Abe feel the need to question him further to determine what he actually means by this account.

Perhaps the killer wears a dog-mask, Detective Grace Abe makes an aside to Officer Andrew Chen at the scene.

Could the face have been a mask?

In silent moving hands it was a dead face.

The deaf man by being without hearing wades in a yellow wheat field. Wades in the thick yellow mass of the grains' slab, the yellow slab being entwined throughout from its bed with the blood-red open poppies.

Far out on it with nothing there but the yellow wheat as flowing slab on which are the dark poppies his being there is the equivalent of a musical instrument—played, not hearing—rather than the dark red poppies or the wheat being that, there.

The crescent moon over the buildings and the river bridge motor-scooters leaping pour forward in night and day.

Bucking to swerve at the intersection mass of motor-scooters rises at night's crescent moon and rose on tinge

The bucking mass hurl yet on the din the crescent moon is on the bridge

Out in front hurl the crescent moon is at day

People eat outside in the hot night by fountains hurling motor-scooters

In squares the people lounging and strutting at night ahead.

Their meetings outdoors are the only events. Talking and displaying, in families also, on the square in the sky. The curled thighs on the buttocks of a man hurling on a motor-scooter, and not an eye but a thorax at night

his thorax is the eye—on the motor-scooter's thorax-eye, in soundless bucking.

For the man who's deaf both (thoraxes—of the machine and a person) are soundless, above which are swallows diving each other screaming in the zinc blue dome in night's radiance. Evening's.

The motor-scooter's thorax making the only movement or sight, the man hurling chest erect—the mass of motor-scooters rise in a roar on the bridge, bucking.

Bats hurl up in the zinc blue night-vault, the swallows by them.

The moon was on his head.

Anthony Smith signing indicates the crescent moon.

A mass of motor-scooters bucking in the swarm now come on, forward in street—the Tiberius River flowing beside them. It flows rapidly under a crescent moon then. Any connections are inaccurate *per se*.

Zinc-blue dome is contracted / flattened to be the line of the light in which insect-thorax of an embedded motor-scooter thrashing flat passing is.

The vaulted dome of screaming swallows in sky is present—yet eye-thorax of a thrashing motor-scooter passes only.

This work was written while traveling.

The flat insect-thorax-motor-scooter is embedded thin in the line [its own movement].

Flat space eliminates perspective in the sense of being in it as a scroll that goes forward, is an expanded space. It has no reference points.

There's neither the vaulted zinc-blue sky or the line of seeing in which the motor-scooter thrashes embedded being in the surface. As on the surface thorax passing then is it ahead.

A rush then of them people on them yet hurling rising on street.

The cavalcade of traffic din of motor-scooters is on the subliminal edge or periphery of Anthony Smith's eyesight—not attention, but eyes. His attention is neither within flat or in the swallows—opening the wooden shutters in the early morning sees the swallows diving and rushing in the pale blue opening.

The men trunks waver on motor-scooters.

Separately the killer had bent over the dead couple in the park in the same quiet. The quiet is a terrain in itself.

The motor-scooter-insect-thorax no-breathing silent [to the deaf] is separate from the crescent moon above—the dead couple are with the killer outside—not hearing but making sounds. They are one, in quiet.

When both the dead and the killer are hearing, there—is the equivalent of a musical instrument

Detective Grace Abe kneels over the couple, a crackling going over the wires, the requirement earphones before she rips the wires off.

Captain Jasper Frank had had to instigate the new regulation that everyone is to be wired—the dead couple are not wired, she thinks sardonically crouched over the couple—his dove bags of eyes sinking rested on the jaws lids weary and the gentle mouth as he leaned heavily forward on his desk saying Grace, I don't agree with this but Chief Demurgent wants cooperation with the central regulation.

How are they supposed to deal with the individual event?

You're supposed to call in the individual instance and keep directives.

You mean “receive” directives to instances at once occurring outside any directives?

Yes, he says wearily, the great dove sagged, a withered elephant in the light. Yet opposing Chief Demurgent’s changes in the department, he has to enforce this new regulation she knows.

Hearing the voices in being wired is being in a flat space in which they are uttering directives in no location—as if a disk on ‘its’ side there is no sky dome or depth as direction. While walking. The deaf man is seen in this flat space weightless only.

Sound does not compete—stubborn sirens may be one—but petals exist in one hearing—their going on deracinated and in ease. There is ease? Not one. Felt as the siren of a fire engine—its wail isn’t competing with anything—whales leaping. Whales leaping in evening are holes silent in one and one hearing them as that—a bird singing at this instant. Stubborn evening *then* whales don’t compete with evening.

The wheel-spokes [of insect-thorax-motor-scooters] flat as if they’re wings in the blue there’s no direction in it as they’re moving. A woman seems to sulk meeting one for the first time in the thin surface.

The thin blue is not superimposed and depthless, the woman held in an uncomfortable facing position, frontally, only turning and moving away when one turns.

One comes up to someone else who also is held facing one in the thin air, uncomfortable and barely moving or trembling in the same place. One can trap them meeting them by facing them in place. They can’t turn away. Then oneself breaking facing, he slowly turns and walks with his back into the thin surface. But never disappears. Nothing disappears in it.

A man walks up and oneself facing him, he is held awkwardly slightly moving held. The refugees in the flat space in camps fired on and hacked to exterminate them. The people are torn and hacked beside.

One’s interior conflicts, movements as memories, have no mirror here. Actions are occurring in the outside only.

All actions occur at once in one place, the outside.

One is not connected to inner conflict [which has produced or is being the same as the people at present being killed in the refugee camps—so in that case one is seeking one’s inner conflict to see its

occurrence in one]. Inner conflict is not occurring as the swallows-sky in the same place.

One's interior space as conflict [of them being hacked] had been the inner nature of the outside as actions are being. This is present-time.

The present is in this space as flat, and so where there is no inner. The space only is occurring. Yet 'under' it is an interior shape in one that apprehends it. We were taught in school not to use the words "and so."

Inner conflict in one as an early shape exists as the inner configuration of the reality, which was not apprehended at the time because it was that shape. Both are present.

Yet here it can't occur. Or does at once?

One moves entirely paired running. It's an elated expanded surface.

She puts the secretions from the unknown Peruvian frog on the burn marks on her chest, having the effect of elation.

An elation border is within one. Other figures come up held trapped for an instant before one as one's running. They move slightly, hesitantly, uncomfortable. They never vanish.

Officer Cloe O'Brien walking in the park is thinking of the man she loves—as if in coming it's an elephant's trunk between one's legs when one walks and is outside.

Children ahead playing in her sight become rigid instantly, their limbs snapping back then flaccid. Their thoraxes unable to breathe, they drown in the air. The thorax no longer moving as gills within them though she runs forward, hovering over a child to give him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Bending on one and then another. Yet they are gone. They cannot be revived.

The small children have darts in them as they lie dead.

Grace running on the thorax her gills slightly move, flaps that are within, as the limbs slightly move as if one's extended out of one's limbs.

Kazuoka So-ami is visiting.

Grace'd been awake sitting in a chair the rose between her legs unfurled seen, which he'd put his part in, in crouching on her, facing her.

In sleep after, they speak standing in the path of the other's space, facing, slightly moving.

'Orchid jetsam' is the waking space.

Another jogger rigidifying passing magnolia trees having been shot with a thin barb, lying flaccid has been partially eaten. Anthony Smith was walking by the magnolia trees and again sees the crouching killer.

Anthony Smith sits with a police artist and composes a drawing of the killer while Chen and Abe watch. The snubbed blank face of a dog on a man's body emerges with an image of the crescent moon on his head. Surprised, Detective Abe recognizes the Egyptian figure of Anubis with a jackal head who conveys the souls to the underworld [or led the souls of the dead to the Elysian Fields in the Great Oasis]. The killer is wearing a real head of a dog she says.

Anubis is a messenger, doesn't kill, represented standing as a guard and protector of the deceased lying on a bier. The dead were never mauled or eaten, as is the pattern in these murders.

Chen and Abe pour through library sources on Anubis and Hermes. They put out inquiry about possible corpses of dogs, or missing dogs.

Anubis seems to represent, as a nature god, either the darkest part of the twilight or the earliest dawn. Andrew reads, his leg hanging over the chair-arm.

The Chapter of giving a mouth to the deceased in the underworld.

The Chapter of opening the mouth of the deceased in the underworld.

Vignette: Anubis holding out a heart to the deceased in the underworld.

The Chapter of snuffing the air and of gaining the mastery over the waters in the underworld.

Vignettes: The deceased holding a lotus; the deceased holding his soul in his arms; and the deceased scooping water into his mouth from a pool.

Vignette: The deceased drinking water from a stream.

A homeless woman bathing nude outside in Golden Gate Park, hit by a barb causing flaccid paralysis, is being fed on by the crouching dog-man when Anthony Smith happens upon them.

(She was asleep after being ill vomiting from imbibing the frog secretions through the burn marks on her chest.)

She goes to the pound, a fevered employee saying McDonalds is cutting up dogs. Where are their heads discarded? She finds them behind the McDonalds.

Last night I didn't even remember [then] watching women being ridiculed by men continually socially [as one eviscerated too]—child, feeling having to defend them—one

which meant to one [fighting] had to give up all life—and did [then, child]—no custom is accurate—

did fighting give up all life at all—then, child—then [adult] didn't even remember, happy.

Detective Abe goes to the appointment to request interviewing each of the army brats in the park in the bus mooning that day. They were also mooning the killer probably.

The colonel being filled with passion and hurt with his mind as the snubbed blank nature yet of impassioned intellect openly inflamed his limited, he is assuaged, placated by others as him hurt by his father his mother had protected him.

Only his own nature exists, to have to place this on others, who then care for it.

As if offspring in this reverse state the army brats moon as his nature is seen to be moving.

Making the location of the child (not as emotional representation but as physical-spatial view in their time and location—such as their seeing death) is that of child

the adult's view is as temporary—as the child's—earliest dawn—holding a sail

She allows the thought of his part way in her seated.

I need to speak to the military brats who were in the bus.

But they won't remember anything, will they? he says coldly.

I wanted it to be empty and the mind reading to move from one thing to another without fixation or cause and effect though there may be relation of a later point to one next to it. Problems are solved which are outside of oneself and while being from one (the reader). The intention is that the reader 'rest in movement and phenomena' of text.

I just can relax in speaking to people.

Mooning and killing being equally ordinary

being between suns in a day—existence by himself

who are in the underworld—"in the bond of regularity—millions of times."[3]

The crackling in her wired ears plugged in, the deaf man again sees people killed by the man with the blow-dart outside.

The killer has removed the organs. Removing the organs in front of the deaf man. In blue reeds standing amidst ducks. They conjecture He's not intending to eat the organs but to remove a source of decay.

The deaf man signing indicates the killer is luring him by his not hearing or being wired.

He could have killed you. Silence and he indicates the killer's noticed him he is luring him.

There's no connection to instances. Anywhere. Never thought that was a point of view (but rather, that it is simple the way it is).

Grace says: The only people not wired are the destitute, those homeless or otherwise not accessible to control by auditory monitoring. The killer, while targeting people doing private actions in public (such as making love in a park, bathing, eating, running) then begins to perform these killings in front of the deaf man. The killer seems to regard the deaf man as partaking of a realm corresponding to his own.

The deaf holding a sail—his mouth is silent—not either darkest twilight or earliest dawn

Running having a heart—while—being alive in darkest twilight [not at the time of death, they're brought in]

The deaf silent—holding a sail—existence by himself

Pursuit [as not earliest dawn] in one—in outside—so one

Having been mooned—deaf man in silence—man with the head of a dog—running is orchid jetsam—separated

Opening the mouth—[some one]—where white cattle on long pale grass here

A state of elation follows the man in silence—orchid jetsam, the man with the head of a dog appears

A state of elation follows him—floating—he is with a tranquilizer dart in him like a rhino. She's smiling sideways—tranquilizer dart in bleeding head running toward her—then she's walking.

Not being in darkest twilight—between one sun at twilight and dawn—as not in earliest dawn—holding a sail

Being between one sun at twilight and dawn—darkest twilight's jetsam follows one—holding a sail

orchids in air—not connected, no hand—in darkest twilight is jetsam? yet no jetsam in earliest dawn

orchids—[no hand]—[they part] it parts from jetsam at the same time

Then she's walking—other motion is behind—a wake.

[1] Wade Davis, One River, Explorations and Discoveries in the Amazon Rain Forest (Simon & Schuster, 1996)

[2] Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences, November 15, 1992. Volume 89, Number 22.

[3] E.A. Wallis Budge, text transliteration and translation, The Egyptian Book of the Dead (The Papyrus of Ani) (Dover Books, 1967)

Acknowledgments: Gary Hills, “Tall Ships” (video installation at the Henry Museum in Seattle, Washington)

Clear Land

A Detective Novel

In Memory of Toshiro Mifune

B Romance Comic Book

Cars panting in traffic—so that people sitting side-by-side as if picnicking are in cars jammed at lights, one car darting across the intersection when the lines of them move ahead a short ways.

Crowds congregate at traffic lights, sway across.

Sheets of cars throbbing jammed throttle-wait to enter the bridge—which floats away ahead, a band.

The exhaust of a bus at the base, cars rise.

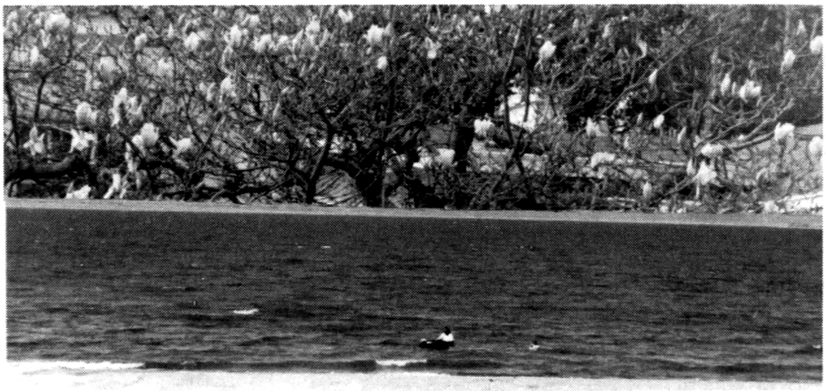
Sails rumple

She crouches by the corpse. Dying, bobs up on the ocean there—is buoyed by turtle, until the boats come.

Picnicking are in cars and fallen dead. He's having nothing to do.

A rush downward, or forward—then after a while bobs up on heavy deep slate of mid-ocean. Flailing there. A turtle that merely happened to be there at the hole in the water where the now-dead person comes up floats him.

Yet he's on the street, surrounded by jammed cars.



Detective Grace Abe checks the pockets of the man, who, fallen in the middle of California St. is being wrapped by the attendants. Rupert

Waley, Russian Hill address, had emerged from his black chauffeured limousine and been slashed dying. He's wrapped and is slid into the van.

A messenger on a bicycle flies toward them, where the cars are not moving [blocked by the ambulance van]. Detective Grace Abe knelt crouching looks up at the flying man the steep hill sweeping upward to the Mark Hopkins Hotel.

It's almost evening. The Bay Bridge is a bow—buoyed on the water and sky, it floats in the luminous air.

I was crossing the street—through criss-crossing surging cars sped in four lanes—a panhandler waiting on the other side says when I'm in the street still Where are you from? Oakland.

O because you cross the street like you're from … a man coming up behind crossing the street says She crosses the street like she's from New York.

… No you cross the street like you're from Detroit—or Oakland, like you know what's happening anyway

[or like you know where it's at; words to that effect].

Obviously I've been influenced by Romance Comic Books.

Officer Andrew Chen with Grace drives to the Russian Hill address; they get out

turtle is there until Officer Andrew Chen is a waxen-illumined.

boats come. Chen with Grace drives translucent-petalled, still, alive.

Ringing the door opens and a cream-colored wilting-as-swooning and while-blooming flower is holding the handle [though a servant is behind her], "Rupert …" she blurts.

Grace Abe thinks It's odd he would ring the bell [at his address].

The woman's lips tremble soft frame in an expensive evening suit I thought it was Rupert—I'm sorry, we're late, I don't have time now

Meaning they would also expect the door then to be closed, having nothing to do with them, yet that's as they are without consequence.

Mrs. Waley? We're here regarding your husband. Constance Ree-Waley seated with her hands folded calmly indicates to the servant as Grace is speaking to bring food but it is a canned viscous gravy on meat. They don't touch it.

Officer Andrew Chen shifts seated on the sofa, his hands awkward.

The young widow is a waxen-illumined translucent-petalled bloom as if on field of pads that extend on water everywhere past people but without any characteristics of that extension being visible.

So illumined nothing is visible, although rank is there.

Viscous meat isn't brought to her, the waxen bulb in its evening.

Affected by the information, she seems stunned.

He was stabbed by someone in the crowd who was crossing the street or on the sidewalk. The crowd surging at lights crossing. He was in mid-block. Did your husband have any enemies?

No, stunned, dazed.

The man's intestines were clipped from his being. His surface was flayed so that the intestines lay on the surface. He lay on his back in the street, the intestine shining.

Having nothing to do—[it] with nature—the machine of land on moon

Is the fragileness of machine / land by being these two flimsy surfaces—

Moon

So it 'would be' serene because it's only here

It 'would be' serene—by occurring first

Everyone is wired at all times, receiving in-coming calls as directives, required by central control.—Grace Abe and Officer Chen with the wires in their ears as they kneel on the corpse, the public wired walking by are as if dead in evening, the directives called in.

Yet there's nothing in any of them—on the wire—only outside.

Standing on the porch of the Victorian staggered expanse of Waley's house, a tower as one spindle of it, a sunset crushing the sky

grinding the clouds in brilliant red meshed streak that tracks, the wire hears. It is as if it is the ear, rather than one's ear hearing.

The ear wired to Detective Grace Abe and the one wired to Officer Andrew Chen then gives directive—without hearing, only speaks.

Captain Jasper Frank sagging dove's lids on the jowls, the wilting wrinkled elephant-frame in the light as he bends over his desk says to her Grace don't detach the wire again, Chief Demurgent is insistent, this is another infraction in a week.

The wires say there's been another killing.

The legs move.

The man is flung backward head into the BART transit subway station stairs, he's on the staircase thrown down. His throat was cut, yet, after, the intestines are also laid out in the shell—the dirty coat he's wearing is nothing. He was destitute.

exist. just as the intestine is, stepping on it
as if a shining eye evening ahead

provokes or inhibits is shining on the surface, translucent closed-petals.

He's at the top of the stairs. The killer was going by, or was entering BART, and kills again because the homeless man sees something, this is blocks away from the first killing. Or it is related only as a spree, happenstance?

It depends on the length of the line in the space.

The line keeps dropping.

The cutting of the intestine after his throat—write in here—she thinks.

The homeless man is a sail to make us think Rupert Waley's death is also arbitrary? is a—remarks Andrew Chen to her.

They murmur this, having removed the wires, but barely moving their lips, as if they were brushing the side of the face against the other's instead of speaking. The wire does hear, but not respond to one. She's kneeling at the top of the stairs. The pavement is stained.

Grace's long black hair waves in the wind on the platform at the top of the stairs where she kneels. It spreads out in the wind.

Crushing the sky grinding is blocks away from the days, vomiting, fainting.

One's ear hearing.

He is worried about her, as having an addiction. Which she has, like Holmes.

She's undressed sailing, seated not even having switched on the lights coming in.

She puts its wet skin to the fresh burn marks on her chest and arms.

Its secretions in the burn marks [for about two days, vomiting, fainting, frenzied heart rate]—after which a clear halcyon-jet elation occurs. The person [this is used for hunting] in this jet elation is utterly alert.

The frog secretions have been used by hunters there, in Peru, she'd said to Andrew Chen, who disapproves, worries.

Figures, outside one as if delicate—are ill.

They're seen out there—at the same time.

All. Vomiting is a jewel—is the other figures, outside. Doing that. One is ill also—in a spatial terrain having neither ground or air, flat vomiting. Torque. The inner not existing is theirs?

There are many figures as if delicate per se. There. People slumped in doorways. Placement appears to be their motion.

She weeps in frustration. Crumpled pent feeling relief first. Anger not even in her yet, in that it demolishes her moves in her first.

Dropping Grace in front of her apartment that evening, seeing the angry expression in her eyes, Chen says Grace. Let's go to dinner, go have a drink.

Closing the car door, then looking at him affectionately [after which she turns walking to her building].

When the illness recedes the elation is already there later. The India ink sky in a pool is behind one while it is in front.

One runs and people are blooms.

Not having information about the killer she runs for him first. The run is first before there is anything occurring. There. The space he is in is halcyon jetting. He may be in agony and it's still that.

Where is the run during the night.

It's all right to be so disturbed, why is there nothing else? It neither provokes or inhibits seeing? In elation either isn't noticed or doesn't exist. I can only be here.

(Their, or someone) valuing material goods, not pleasure in life, the contemplative so that one was interiorized from this(?), or was in beginning turned inward, early life—'from' them—yet

pleasure in life, the contemplative
at once—so that one was interiorized
in it
(early) as if one

The man was dining with friends; one hadn't realized this is outer too, 'pleasure in life' the contemplative (is an action).

Then seated, at Vinticello's, the doors open onto Jones Street the trolley tracks embedded in the steep street in the balmy warm air of an Indian summer that is evening light—friends seated

The intestine then in him—is sliced so that it is shining on the surface—where he's still seated, the eyes lidded gazing just as the intestine is as if a shining eye.

Flailing there. A turtle swooning while extension being visible.

That merely happened to blooming flower is so illumined, as such

It's air with the bow of the bridge curving.

The brain's in hyper-drive—one's mind wakes up and in early morning the brain's outside one's flesh.

The different people are lying with the abdomen-intestines floating on them. Curled, protruded out on them.

Exhaling to infuse breath into them, to reinstitute breath or wind in them, does not revive them.

But the brain in hyperdrive flicker that's one's is not dead—or related to breathing. One feels it (which is not breathing) only as outside 'One;' one's stymied yet it is separate, continuing.

The translucent closed-petals illumined-bulb Constance Ree-Waley walks on flowing hips in high-heels to her car. No chauffeur, this time.

Officer Cloe O'Brien in her uniform swings a leg lightly over her beaten convertible's door, jumping into the seat—young—necked the red soft spikes on her head blowing and steps on the gas pedal. Not even screeching at turns, the beat-up convertible is

while the translucent closed-petals illuminated-past other people is out there, stepping on it in the evening ahead as if the evening itself is wallowing in the black limousine. Which shoots forth.

Evening is blue.

The creamy thighs in the high-heels walk hurriedly to a restaurant from the car—from the back a figure is propelled on Constance Ree-Waley.

As if her intestine were a jewel as the surface [Constance Ree-Waley enters the restaurant without looking]—. running the face is translucent, procured from others in memory.

if each phrase is two parts it's fiction. One's memory of events finite; one's making them up is infinite?

A paragraph. What's seen is in air.

After she'd pursued the killer and failed, Cloe murmurs on the wire and enters the restaurant. Ree-Waley enters Cloe's soft smile, water, in the same place.

Restaurant without illuminates, almost to the eye as itself [plate in evening]. A harnessed sequined vast bosom at a station, a glass of sherry in her jeweled hand, Mrs. Bertrum Russell seated at a table is seen first from across the room; then the raven-haired translucent flared-petals now sitting in her cream-colored embroidered suit by her.

On the long legs Cloe walks up—where illuminated-past other people Constance Ree-Waley doesn't look at her and orders for her viscous meat [brought to Cloe O'Brien] which she doesn't touch.

There can only be a line. Everywhere.

The young widow murmurs only-wilting to the dowager, the latter turning the soft decks of bosoms in harness stiffly in the direction of Officer O'Brien, saying kindly to her Do order what you would like.

Cloe's eyes looking at the almost elderly woman.

[Cloe's soft smile illuminates—chest rising and falling from running—Thank you no.]

There can only be lines. In it. That's horizon.

Weakly flared-petals only faintly speaks, so softly that one has to lean toward her to hear them. She doesn't raise her petalled eyes then either.

legs Cloe approaches—was one isn't there—. Yet. Then her soft smile touches.

Someone saying they saw something problematic in something—another person says "You can't say that, because everyone *likes* that" [which the other is trying to describe or contemplate and is regarding as problematic].

What everyone likes, or what anyone likes, isn't what's significant—in conversation being contemplation

There—is no—barrier between people.

As if what people like, what oneself likes, 'means' something.

Someone's bombing [Karachi]—the moon riding.

So it is *where* something occurs—'because of' that

[at the point where anyone says what's really occurring *as them*—there is communing—

This is running as land—at the side—it is a terrain in which one basks—in the past or present at once—*because* they are not excluded.

I'd just include whatever was happening as it was occurring alongside anything else occurring, (written: as visual-memory which are sound-shapes) without movements or events having any conclusion or shape that I knew.

In the structure, the 'minute' would not be a basis—though it was the only ground.

Officer Cloe O'Brien is in a thin rim—her breath in front of her—running outside there. Then the rim is fallen behind her to the eye.

As if an event—form of the relativity is somewhere when it—the experience of joy—comes up in the entire.

Detective Grace Abe practices seeking the killer by running out

Everything should be just one line.

Some people say they don't want anything they don't understand, and some people say they're not interested in this—nothing in the middle.

[A turtle on the sand at night leaves the ocean under the moon walking to lay its eggs

walks followed by people while it's squeezing from

its plate—that floats on the moon-on-water in the same place to the eye as itself.

The widow Constance Ree-Waley of Rupert Waley—*Enters so the waxen-illumined bulb is.*

They're irritated, who aren't stunted—if they have to exert any effort to understand anything.

If they stay in one place [living there], that which is from some place else seems weird to them—they can see this other

So she's extended beyond other people still.—i.e. prior—though—[which is *still*] waxen-illumined is not blossoming, by definition; until it blooms

We have to get to Detroit.

the ocean floats the moon-on-water, which watermoon is the same as the plate-turtle, i.e.

In the same place it is.]

Like Nixon in his Checkers speech—You won't have me to kick around any more.

the plate-quiet may be exhausted—then—as one person isn't running

The three men who're slashed and dead have no connection now.

The partners begin interviewing friends and associates to see if the separate lines of association cross over anywhere—in a landscape finding by the lines being obliterated, not by connecting them; as if parts together from different times form a section and are lifted up [as if the bottom edge of plastic page lifted up eradicating the drawings on a magic-writing-pad, the type children use].

To find the unified or the cross-overs *by* there being no trace of that surface.

The entire surface removed at once—is the present-time.

Or the bottom line or two of the surface, therefore arbitrarily what occurs on that space.

And motion has no relation to them—who're dead—or to death. No motion has a relation there.

On Market St. the wind is blowing. The suit jacket aside from the breasts. Bus cracks its breaks moving away. People hurry on the sidewalk everywhere.

It is interrupted after the line.

doing something as space, contemplation of space in or as formal time—is on thing that's criteria

Rupert Brooks receives deference as placating. He is disdainful, cutting off response from others whose response anyway is always initiated by him—by his indicating knowing the responses in advance; therefore he's never using observation, only prior definition of others.

This is for him—words voided—

But written for the rising middle class. Having money, they wanted to purchase prints.

He is seated behind the desk, slender tall intolerant; the lids opening the eyes at him—even where not intended—and only 'grants' the person if they defer to, or seek to please, him.

Then he grants a recognition as if he is complimenting, sometimes—so that people appear to solicit.

You have to get behavior on a single time.

Weak people jumping at the occasional recognition from him, changed by a short period of time with him.

By being hurt implicitly, he is erotic. His restrained mouth pressed as if interior reflecting the recognition to him.

His lips pressed, one is in full attention.

The way boards of crocodiles fan the night as they hit the water leaving the banks [fields of crocodiles lying on the banks—

Nothing happens. He's smirking in the air across the desk, where he's sitting, a long pause having occurred in the conversation. She's thinking while interviewing him.]

His lip curls withdrawing. Disdainfully. Says. Rupert was a friend—he was having trouble. I was in a supportive role only. He was under stress from his work, there were not issues there in particular.

Brooks relaxes in his chair.

Prior in time, she leans vomiting, which he disdains—coughing, but for an instant is there; then the thin secretion plates run ruffling, not apparent.

There's no space between one's skin and air.

limb as one when one is sitting in night—

When one's asleep there appears to be nothing

C Romance Comic Book

Exchange is the only thing that occurs. Engaging is as a minor motion as if that of a muscle which is also alien to one.

Thinking isn't in order to have anything there, but it is a past (not as its content), as its movements? With no idea even or connection, not even as its process which would be unified too. It is like muscular movement.

Just one doing those motions thinking); as a past also that's at the same time, this time.

Physical motions that have no translation as thinking; so the cross-overs as each other have no translation in order to occur.

They can occur only in the isolated one as outside. It only occurs in physical movement.

The eye is on the shell (the man's frame)—as intestine. Then, not as association but real, it is on the evening. On its surface *as* observing it.

Whatever's the whole.

When running, the eye is separate—out in the evening—on one's surface. So one's own eye is observing oneself, but the interior is the same as that which is running.

Unlike vomiting, [in order to produce the later-elation],—which [the vomiting] is the interior ground in one as being the outside, crowds there [one vomiting in crowds]—therefore a flat space in the center [in oneself] from which a dark sky and now here and there blue earth exist and stream in one's eyesight—running has nothing in it,

isn't the later-elation even.

running
there as it is—in—the later-elation.

Constance Ree-Waley, the closed-petals, and on the gorgeous soft lids of her eyes—driving the limousine
wallowing in the black intestine
—she appears to have no action as if swimmer with no night, and there being only night in movement at that time.

How is everyone reduced to being a servant from her having no movement? Officer Cloe O'Brien, who has been assigned by Detective Grace Abe to
follow Constance Ree-Waley to keep track of her, see if she meets Rupert Brooks—yet even in the first evening the woman being followed, who is almost attacked by a figure with a knife and doesn't seem to notice this, though seems to assume [or to have assumed] being followed by Cloe for that one following to be a servant later—or then
Things don't go past the line
When Officer Cloe O'Brien enters the restaurant—the waxen-illumined closed-lids petal-bulb protected by the decks [bosoms in harness with the really soft flesh on the bones of dainty regal dowager; Constance Ree-Waley *already* protected as if fainting weakly behind the keen dowager—So it's everywhere—widow either not knowing the man with the knife is there or doesn't care—Officer Cloe O'Brien's prior movement, however, is noticed; and the trembling widow orders meat [even if not viscous here in the restaurant] for the other one

said for others, it's a horizon.
Flowing on the bottom of the hill—wind in
the red spike-hair touched by her mother-of-pearl ears [held by a man coming—at night—on her].
A policeman at the top of the hill whose
I've been influenced by the line being there

walking enters her eyes. Outside she smiles softly.
In the restaurant Cloe is immediately a servant—her manner unrelated to that, clear and to the point only [noticed only by the keen

dowager] is excluded by the cream-hipped and trembling rose mouth eating some kind of expensive food.

If it occurs—is in history, it isn't similar.

Fiction is the same occurrence.

To one side is a corroding desiccant

(Merle Winters) who sucks the moisture from the others there—that they can't be anything, any actions will and have failed, they are old, yet were nothing before and have to accept that they are old—*her view is all conventionality*—offspring can't act—and the desiccant seems to enhance some other 'authority,' either present or not, by existing.

Only derisively by being sucked from the person, anyone there. She is the only one who speaks.

liquid in the desiccant—she's taking a drink of water—yet unrelated to the lubricated illumined-bulb opened not exactly intellect but lit Constance Ree-Waley, intelligent.

The desiccant continues to speak.

I say One's to have no event one does similar to oneself.

apprehending 'that' night—only—in relation to 'C,' an event somewhere that didn't occur then or at night.

It's OK to recognize the space—obviously I've been influenced.

I've been influenced by myself too.

—so it's (the night, 'at' first) seen as a base—which isn't existing, as it's 'apprehended' only in relation to an other event.

Because that's influenced me.

the night is real as that, of being ahead of the other unrelated event.—i.e. It's a construction of

that night being real, which had to be *there not being a relation* [between 'C' and night]

That's my influencing myself again.

its reflection = (equals) the object [that's being reflected]—when its reflection is not that object first

so = (to equal) is not its reflection. is outside separate.

‘that’ night (one period of time) doesn’t have a reflection—and that would not be ‘back in’ [reflected in] the unrelated event (which might be washing a pair of socks in a bowl or walking on the road)

the washing or walking could be done at night—though—that night cannot have a reflection there
or in anything—nothing’s reflection occurs anywhere

being dumb is not the same thing, or maybe it is the same thing [as ‘that’ night—not having its reflection—in washing the socks in the bowl
where are we now—same to people’s power—and walking on the road, that’s walking on the road
“You don’t think the tea ceremony was for contemplation—as one’s interior—do you? it was for the merchant to show off his expensive pottery to others. That’s all.”

Commentary:
Nor is saying they’re flipping the bird—that is above really, flying—to ‘within themselves and not having means’ [their having nothing—and they’re giving the bird to *that*] they’re not being—that [*not:* their not having means].
They aren’t that [though they have no means].

It is the lovely city—

and a person without means—being in the lovely city as ‘to give it that’ being—with a bird—flying, but it could be flipping it, to give it the bird, you know…

Events that are being denoted were so minute, such as a person’s movements in public on one occasion, or a small episode, that they can’t be remembered by the person who saw it—and forgotten exist ahead. Past and future are not separated.
It is not known whether it is ‘past’ or ‘future.’ So all the events are ‘ahead’ or ‘behind;’ spatially these are the same.

It is a view of history 'from' minute incidents encountered *first.* I.e. unknown. In the whole time and space of what they are.

They are not the same *whenever* it is they occur. Not the same as themselves even, then.

When you run—no reflection back in the run, then it's a former run—not at all, that hadn't existed at all—then either.

Running washing one's socks—red like the planet Mars that is hanging up above.

on one's feet when in ocean waves—or running toward the laundromat.

Occasionally a phrase will be uttered by one of the people as if dipping into a huge silent and a noisy terrain. They sometimes utter a phrase at the same time as their own voice uttering that same phrase. Some other acts as if a person is at birth to be the adult later (a split in which the earlier self is merely undeveloped but its capacity is already 'for' what will be 'later,' as if fixed early—a 1950's point of view—which is "rational").

That we're supposed to be that. Or those who are rational.

Keep loose, I've been disappointed—but that's no reason

Time of being kids or being young adults who cracked up, phases say, are not.

Nothing ever occurs in oneself—at the time that's occurring?—or it [something that happened] is low-culture by being early in time; or by occurring at all?

We're all lying back in reclining chairs in the beauty parlor—one's hair being pulled on and soaped, out of the corners of one's eyes is seen another lying back yakking little sack hair being pulled on and soaped so the only attachment to her is the soaped top from which the little sack pumps horizontal as if floating-pulling.

She's floating-pulling in the chair—on the attachment of the soaped head pulled by the yakking attendant.

Floating-pulling is bliss by being minute here in reclining chair—as in the dentist's office or in lawn chairs.

Outside it's cold, crisp. Huge red leaves—not floating downtown on the business street, but elsewhere go.

But the people float as if tear forward. A tear. [When one cries.] Don't ever see the same people again.

Out to the side totter the mentally retarded.

Stillbirths occur.

Many of the children, a million, who are eight years or ten, are trapped in toddler-size bodies that they never grow out of, and even the goats totter and stagger into trees as they go blind and insane.

People cough and then die suddenly. Smoke pouring and lying in the sky.

Coughing in the leaded waste in the air—stacks of factories pouring into (pouring on) the horizon which is up close, where one is [everything is vast and occurring on either side of the horizon (above and below)—on cities at once—is bordering that rim]—as it is also:

coughing at the same time the leaded or steel factory waste into the vast flowing river plain, it pours out into it, on which are cities.

So the pouring is just above and just below that horizon:—where (horizon) one walks on a boat horizontal on water, one is 'at' the horizon on water passing by the cities on either side on the water, coal mounds and—spouts emitting jets from the sides of mountains and factories at once. One can see all there in one glance.

Putting it on the same line does not change it?

On the river, one walking on water saw a fish jump up above the plain of flowing poisoned current choking with yellow steel contaminants, on which one strides on the deck—the one fish dies and falls back in; or it falls back in and dies there visible.

Does this occur in the outside? It's dropped—night doesn't drop, or the mountains on the river, they're there.

It's the whole and a horizon.

A person's chest holds a hatching ball of bacteria attached to its wall nearby factories—

One's a soft flap which bangs—coughing in the air.

The black bales billowing from the factories are pouring into the windows of the cubicles of tenements where the people live, who only work

carrying coal in baskets tottering on the mounds by pouring stacks

they're not carrying on the mounds crawling in a chain up from the river at night—black mounds above are also the mountains at night

mountains will soon be buried in water

they're building a dam, standing on the walls of locks, the locks closing behind the ships which pass through rising on mounting tiers of the river

on a river upstream the fertilizer factory dumps poison into the water they are drinking

stunted in toddler-size bodies they will never grow out of, they can't speak—they will never be able to work though.

Many millions had starved before. Those who profit own the factories.

The laborers make the goods of other countries. It's said "That's good." So that they won't starve.

One's tiny thorax—carried in one flapping.

She stoops on the shell—where the man is

already. Him leaning in the clotted waste material that's coagulating where the shelled corpse stretched.

The mountains are liquidated, their hanging under the moon won't occur. At all.

Stillbirths occur. Is that the same thing as the horizon again?

There is nothing one can do as it is forced in this equal terrain—of noise and silence, but where one is on the point of dying as one is older, yet there are stunted toddler-size 'youth'—that is above and below the horizon

the black mountains, at night, are spouts and spouts pouring from factories—emit from the mountains at once, millions and some few are standing on tiers of the lock of the dam as it opens.

The viewers who aren't stunted and have enough to eat—say that the faculty for reading and seeing is inferior. Too. This seems irrelevant, not a response—except that of cutting one's nose off seeing it as on someone else, which is one's nose. They live on a good enough level.

If they're seeing they're seeing.

The characteristic is that single lines as

paragraphs occur as if a long series—such as events from finite memory (of the individual)—but infinite numbers of fictional events are possible.

I'd just put in memories not as accounts but as finite series that gets to the point of infinite—as 'fictional' that can no longer be remembered, at all.

But here in this the toddler-size (stunted and retarded) are not dead and are not one. who is the viewer.

The landscape (black mountains being destroyed, drowned by the dam—the moon not hanging on them either) is oneself as the phenomena.

In that, the landscape is on one's retina, a sight. That's what we *call* "memory."

"Good description." or "Good memory." They say.

It isn't. It's black mountains on one's retina.

They lie or float on one's retina. The standard of what was changed (in one) isn't there either—as there isn't any 'physical world' either.

It's as if fictional events that are there—are infinite, as fictional can't be remembered. They are on one's retina too—

"Do you really want to put things there" [to do that]? Duh. It's happening there.

Some people are 'opposed' to evolution. One can't 'oppose' occurrence. They *do.*

The lines being—are a substitute—for the black mountains—humps—coal mounds—the moon hanging on mounds

So the one line seen there is escapist? Everything is escapist.

The one line being there is—there is nothing in it

even (line) drops there (overlapping lines) with nothing in it—not in either

Detective Grace Abe sits alone at a table at Vinticello's seated with the sense of the man she loves standing looking at her and then gently folding over on her, lying down on her.

He puts his mouth on her mouth, the two lying and the part as a stem then

that is run up in her

with the sense of her lying on the stem, the sense of her lying on it when it is inside her

and then withdrawn. Then. Is put in.

This line of thought is interrupted by the arrival of Andrew and Captain Jasper Frank. Captain's attention is tuned when it is within as bending dove's eye-lids and jowls folded together on the kind large wilted frame seating itself.

Andrew settles blithely from quick movements. When Officer Cloe O'Brien comes in she stops on the raised floor section where there are a few tables—hesitating, her legs and hand motion out in space, not yet perceived though the eyes being that moving in space before the eyes see.

Wine. Pasta with mussels, salad.

They have all removed their wires that connect them to constant input sound directive, though this is forbidden. People walking on the street with the wire in their ear hear on it.

Grace only moves on the street with a wire strung to her ear but it is a dead-empty wire only run to within her pocket. But they must continually insert the actual control-wire; it's monitored every time there's an absence of the wire.

People are reprimanded or punished for 'not hearing' administered through their work place of whatever kind. Control knows that one isn't hearing by running checks—one can speak into the wire and speaks to answer a check.

On the tier above their table is a table at which are seated Brentel corporation employees all wearing wires and speaking to each other hearing at every moment the sound on the wire.

Captain Jasper Frank delicately wipes with his napkin his faint stubble shadow on the jowls the dove's-lids shyly slanting as he digs into the platter of mussel pasta in olive oil. In his shirt without jacket he hunches over the plate, sometimes sipping his red wine; the wire-end with plug droops on the shirt, having been taken from his ear.

What have you got on the destitute dead? asks. Of course the destitute aren't wired. They're about the only people who aren't.

Though there are infractions everywhere, he grins.

We haven't found his identity, Andrew Chen observes.

Rupert Waley wasn't wearing a wire either, Captain Jasper Frank continues. It seems he was a man with contemplative characteristics,

getting to be an anomaly here, and he didn't fit in with the other high executives at Brentel.

[She drags him down, cradling his neck with her arm—and grasping him (Kazuoka So-ami) kisses his mouth (as he's slightly laughing then realizing)

—Grace sees herself.]

Yes, I interviewed Mrs. Bertram Russell who described him in much the same way and as a close friend—a man who opposed decisions at Brentel when he disagreed; and there had been some major disagreement on policy, Grace's eyes flicker over the memory of the sequined bosom and dainty jeweled hands of Mrs. Russell speaking.

You know her don't you? Captain asks, From a case a couple of years ago. Three years ago. Abruptly he says, I want you to check the records of Brentel employees, former employees; once you get information as to who were their dentists, Cloe start checking their dental records. We're looking for the destitute dead (who was slashed in the subway)—but his teeth, the fillings, were not those of someone who was always destitute.

Inside the blue eye-holes. Running but sight only ahead on or through which the orb of blue eye-hole doesn't wink, as having no lid itself, but the outside is propelled from it.

Carrying the knife and the men move aside on the sidewalk on Market St., or some lying against the buildings or pushing shopping carts with their belongings in the carts aren't looking.

There's sound of running that's one's own and is far away from the eye-hole (one's) which does no negotiating even, or action, but he moves 'from it' with it in the forehead.

The knife flashing, that slashes, is in the horizon of night. I'm writing happiness, what is in between the crises. I skip crises, that are occurrence. In this, people are being killed also, but the reader believes it, as fiction.

Then with the knife he's ahead in it—with a viewer on the sidewalk making no sound as expression. But seeing is expression. Yet the eyes there are passive—

to the eye-holes or to the passersby

It isn't a pendulum in the outside but a swathe

There's a red glow on the black pool that's there

The others had gone home before then
but there's no way to go home
anywhere

AXkin to the sense that memories occur, such as being in a cathedral in Rome in the pew—and others *here* bowing in greeting at present; the first (past event, memory) occurs at the same time as this present (people bowing here)—so that cultures are relative (in one); and this form of the relativity is the experience of joy
that relativity itself. The man running with the knife drops on night

Forest continents burning—for land-developers—the orangutans are fleeing *The Burning Everywhere.*

Continents being burned—to 'clear' land—people live in vast burning territories, in deadly smoke ill from it. A person coughing at home, suddenly dies the next day. Clear land.

The orangutans emerging from the thousands of miles of fires are killed by "frightened people," except for their babies who resemble people and for a while are kept here—for the purpose of being babies
orangutans are very fragile.

Orangutans are red or orange—as rudders
lower case is an action or an afterthought—so could be an action that is either before or after 'where' it is perceived.

So if one is like the black mountains and the moon hanging on them at once? In coal in air
Clear land.

The rudder—or present—isn't attached anywhere—not in a past either, which doesn't exist
coal in air swimming on land

Only single words are serene.

Do you think that one'll be able to run in the light? What light? Sure. Run in the light.

Electric light. Just like having to wear wires which keep a constant sound going in one's ears and give directives telling what to do. Any sound directs.

Someone asked me what is a non sequitur? You have to learn that. That's *what* is learned.

A leader.

The sudden clear land. No. Reductive to the occasion.

OK. You get to go. [To someone else.]

The orangutans come through the flames for miles orange.

One stood next to the waxen-bulb luminous extended past people—the lids-petals (Constance Ree-Waley) who is behind the wheel of the black limousine moving—the orange flickering in the black air

is like Officer Cloe O'Brien who has orange hair spikes flickering in the black wind there

"See, she's there.—So they're the same." Fleeing they're wide-eyed.

And the two that are orange, 'an orangutan and O'Brien' (event infinite as it's not in memory even—except now) also flutter by the black car speeding ahead.

One's (any) tone is a factor in space, or a factor *of* space.

An object would be further away in space—by one's tonal distortion of it [that one warps it]. Or close up distorted as if one's caricature of it. So there is an expanded space everywhere

As if opening on a vast field—the petals

begin

Constance Ree-Waley drives—fast—

Nothing fits on one line. That's right. Its transgression is an orange rudder—on Constance Ree-Waley's driving with a rudder out there—that's cutting the black night

or cutting *in* the black night—orange rudder

The rudder in blue or in black night is hearing—though there is no noise—as they don't wear the wires that are constantly piping sounds into the people. Like destitute people, they aren't wearing wires—as they don't have work places—and exist in an outer 'soundless' state of only actions. Only 'soundless' as not heard even by the people there, walking or driving.

Now Constance Ree-Waley rides a bicycle [not really but 'as if' 'an event' *that's here* on the same space]

The rudder is not there [as if 'not' *is here*]

The orangutans on fire impinge on Constance Ree-Waley's rim in space—when she's driving fast or any motion—as hearing, where she's silent inside also

I don't believe in interior people say; but this isn't interior. The burning rudder is in silence.

The orange rudder slowly moving itself

put frog secretions on the fresh burn marks on the chest—that's two lines

onto two

runs in the aftereffect—on these

Dipping below the line—neither death or living, but landscape—it's Nixon.

I don't know why it would be former president Nixon?

Why what would be him?

Begin anywhere here. I mean that not looking for anything—he comes up. When running.

The orange rudder is afire. Too (is there also).

the one Rupert still alive—there have been stillbirths

is held for the killing of the Rupert dead

the orange rudder is afire in jet

night

black jet

not night—lower case is actions.

on the land—shining black cattle carrying heavy jewels—so that—from the rear—the heavy jewels between the legs are fans—the black cattle wading—in grass—the rears with fans turn in green and light clouds fill the sky—on the line

birds mounted on them—there are black cattle wading heavy fans swaying between their rears—yet they're not on black mountains—coal mounds—spouts

people carrying on the coal mounds for wages—there could be that and it's expanded—at day—black streaming stacks at the same time and place as the instant the black cattle carrying heavy jewels in brilliant green superimposed be in the opposite of blighted by contaminants, pouring from factories, in sky and land-water. [The one on the other]

When, as a girl beginning cognizing, there—one's room becoming debris, chaos, mess—as the interior is helpless to the exterior already there—at the time.

Officer Cloe O'Brien walks the soft smile on eyes on red short spiky hair that's on her head bending in evening on 16th and Valencia where she's buying a bouquet of flowers at the grocery stand.

Tall moves swaying. I have all these chores and tasks at the same time expands in worry as they're in the front of one's mind. Cloe's at night talking while sitting with her leg on the chair's arm—yet in front, before—she's lying down; the man coming lying on her touches her ears coming, the red soft spiked hair having blown in the beaten convertible. That is at the same time

finds them in the dark

A space occurs in which he is gently ahead yet she comes

at evening

This is still A Romance Comic Book—Noh Play

The two do not co-exist. Experiencing that's one's.

Just as our corporate form, having labor abroad, holds sway over other peoples and our own labor, is a form of their experiencing. Not displaced.

This can't exist with one's experiencing, though it becomes that only—but as if we are zombies, pithed, here.

The sunrise causing the lit halos that light the orangutans' frames at dawn to flicker seen by one when they are against the sky, back-lit as two lines placed on each other

where Constance Ree-Waley is driving early.

Outside of one's mind then, spatially

The orange rudder (an orangutan afire) blows—as if the arm is next to the black limousine window, the arm on which is orange blowing; the waxen-petals cream-2 bulb (Constance Ree-Waley) doesn't notice as her face is turned frontally, tears forming lakes in the eyes.

Captain Jasper Frank, the weary lids hanging heavily on the jowls—drooping under gray hair—the wilting gray elephant in the light seated shifting at his desk says kindly Grace I can see your objections to Rupert Brooks's arrest—there's not much—but Chief Demurgent went

ahead and sent an arresting officer himself. He's impatient to get something on the knifings.

The vast wilted elephant shifts again in the light at the desk, The case was—is—yours. You should have been the arresting officer. But Chief went ahead based on the blood on Brooks's shirt and his finagling with Waley's assets while the guy's alive…

He says, What about the widow? Was or is she having an affair with Brooks?

Grace shrugs. They haven't been meeting since the death, which is only a week. Cloe's been tailing her.

As 'their culture' and 'one's' are rendered at once the same through or as one interiorly, that one is that other early, yet not known by it or accepted. Returning to one's own culture, one is outside, other than it—therefore 'it' critiques oneself (by oneself).

Oneself cannot be anywhere.

And one's own culture can be opened there.

What people say is the collapsing of the desert on the enormous rose sky. Luxurious, geometrical

duplicates the interior boundary function. Of time, in speaking. doesn't duplicate, is these motions.

Then what is interior, defined by them. as other to them, is other only. Continually occurs as that.

the relativity *is* that instant of one's only (intersects as joy).

One's thoughts or acts of defiance there they regard as 'impermanent'—as if not themselves

As thought by those who're white about two others: 'as if a couple of white girls' wouldn't have to, shouldn't, care about the world as if their having no relation to it.

This is simply coercion

of 'everyone' because it gives to others ('everyone'—by regarding *them* as "other" as if those white *weren't* other) an object nature.

Where actions collapse on each other—and are an interior space (of one's)—as if 'yet' to occur—there's not even present either.

They're saying there is no relation—and so relativity is relation.

Also memory and the present collapse onto one space—in one—but viewed by others—to be anyone's observing.

So description or history is an action (in that it occurs only by being observed).

It is the same as saying—cultural relativity is the same as phenomenal relativity—is at once.

In the restaurant, crouched little old ladies, some with skin blotched and spotted and in cockeyed hats, corroded from within by cigarette smoking, chain smoke at tables blowing the smoke held in shaking hands.

A few penciled eyebrows on them, light another cigarette and filter the smoke inside the small being, then through the teeth and nostrils.

In the center at a table a man seated in space talks loudly apparently to oneself but to himself in a foreign language ("mad" because his doing so is what we call that), the old ladies not flapped by this and puffing smoke out—the waiter comes and argues with him, maybe saying mildly to him Shut up shut up—in a foreign language; the old ladies glazed like jell facing him—though he says something that causes a small current to pass around the scattered circle of old ladies without their looking at him, though they face out at him.

A man with white hair like a smoothed brush puffs cigarette from a beaten face clutching it.

A young couple come in, seated before each other speaking soundlessly animated which is at once blowing bales of cigarette fumes in close on each other.

Detective Grace Abe sits at her desk in the light; she's reading the newspaper. Her eyes flit there then. 15 million people retarded just in one area from not having iodine in their food starting in their infancy.

One fears in the front of one's mind. A bolt that's terrorized and as such 'spaced out.'

In the same moment thinking. Officer Andrew Chen arrives.

I've talked to Daniel Lincoln, he sits down. He's a senior vice president at Brentel, higher up than Brooks. I think we can trace the pressure to Chief from Lincoln—he's not exactly accusing Rupert Brooks, at least not to me, but knows Chief. And regards Brooks as a man who grabs control by internal warfare and purge.

He pauses and gazes.

Who's he purged? asks Grace.

I'll ask Sherry Bart, I have an appointment with her—she's Hank Loma's secretary at Brentel—we're not going to get anything out of Rupert Brooks's secretary. (Whom they'd interviewed.)

They've both pulled their wires off.

Grace, Brentel being a fruit corporation owning lots of land in Hawai'i—laying everyone off (and they can't market anything on their own or get the land back, the economy's depressed) and moves the operation to the Philippines, where it's dirt wages, no unions or benefits… there could be a lot of people pissed off regarding the management.

You mean I'm sticking too close to Brentel itself?

Cloe sticks her head in, The dental records of the disappeared (from Brentel) have identified the murdered destitute man as a William Spender who didn't show up for work two years ago without quitting (described by a secretary). Cloe conjectures, Possibly he was fleeing to avoid being killed and was living on the street as he couldn't work without wearing a wire anywhere.

Stationed in the subway begging.

Grace says, Did you find out what his duties were and associates at Brentel?

They sit in front of Constance Ree-Waley whose two lakes of eyes are filled. The two eyes heavily brim.

Grace wonders which Rupert she's grieving for. Perhaps both.

Outside an orange halo is everywhere of the landscape burning the burn mark coming close to clear land. A deadly smoke submerges the line.

A servant—Margaret brings viscous meat and sets the plates in front of Andrew and Grace. Grace's eyes ripple.

Outside, close to the verandah, orange figures

of orangutan silhouettes stand (height 5½ feet she estimates). Blow orange silhouettes in the wind. They seem to be waiting or gathered.

Are you keeping a baby? Grace suddenly asks. (People killing the parents, keeping orangutan babies is illegal.) But she regrets saying it. Constance Ree-Waley's eyes brim and flood over as her frame shakes sobbing. Andrew glares furiously at Grace, then turns again gently to Ree-Waley.

Grace is quiet then says Danny Vico. Before he died at Vinticello's restaurant. Was he about to be purged?

Constance pauses. Then: If he were about to be purged why would he be killed?

Perhaps he couldn't conveniently be purged so he was killed?

Silence, staring.

Did Danny Vico have differences with Rupert?

She looks bewildered cupping her hands over her ears crying Rupert Rupert Rupert! Andrew and Grace are amazed.

Desperation and spite: Rupert… she begins. Then more softly and emphatically: Rupert Brooks wanted to fire Danny—or to transfer him. Because he was… weak, Rupert said, she finishes. Seems exhausted.

Were you a friend of Danny's?

Danny didn't do anyone any harm. His father was Alex Vico, one of the presidents of Brentel, and of Satron.

Satron is another corporation that owns fruit companies isn't it? Andrew is surprised.

(Maybe she feeds them.) Grace thinks.

Yes. they are all divisions of one, rubber, bottling of soda drinks, many products… They make the scents that are the featured perfumes of all the Houses, like Chanel.

Andrew's seated at an outside stand in the heat of sky filled with voluminous puffed black clouds holding above the moving plate of ocean waves on a black beach.

I'm writing this in that location. One is landscape until there isn't mind operation in one—as in the state before one dreams in sleep—but where one is aware and there not being a dream.

When—one walking on water—stacks of factories pouring—are cities—people crawling on slopes of black coal carrying it—there aren't the gigantic black cattle float on green here

or their stacks of factories float on black mounds—the mountains

Stacks of factories there and in the center this voluminous blackcloud-rain that's sky

people laboring ground there

If there aren't yet dreams while asleep that one can remember, the fictional events one 'produces' during waking time (the mind going on and on) are 'before' the 'dead' space before one

the sole material being the stacks blowing coal mounds black mountains' moon

i.e. before the mind begins cognition and one dreams—so one would have to be before dreaming yet aware

or it would be 'while dreaming' yet that *as if* 'before' (in the state one is in before dreaming at all)—coal on green

lines of people crawling in a chain on coal mounds carrying was in real-time

i.e. fictional events of waking time here substitute for dreams in sleep—to reach the state of being without sleeping-dreams

there being no fictional events (or dreams in actual sleep), or at the point (moment) of there not being that—reaches the state of being before these (before any events).

The movement is land—it moves onto one

the fictional movement can be—to dream (the exact same as the dream of—while asleep—) the present place one is in

to be 'before' that land (some specific landscape), which is one at that instant

place the particular place where one is and fictional events 'before' one's sleeping-dreams.

Constance Ree-Waley has contracted and then flown her shoulders on her frame. She's torn between two men. (One may have murdered the other.)

When one was eleven or thirteen, the entire body changing (girls')-everyone's who were they as from a caterpillar into a butterfly—the form of the body itself changing and everything interior as one—so that one is gone, is not there, *in* the butterfly

that is not the way that is seen by others

by anyone

In that one freaks out then (because of that)—is a loon—wandering outside. It's outside of society—one questions society—no, leaves it forever.

And one does this again without identifying it:

One man simply gone, yet held in her physical frame—whose death—is as if her skeletal frame at present alive, him in it
it shuddering, the slight frame blasted within as being now within or 'the' butterfly
—'in'—terrible irretrievable pain, that's neither tactile or emotional—as one is in a different form only
emotions are intensely in one other, also gone, living—living being to be 'gone' only. Any person
that one can only be—in some other form—than what one is

as if 'society' is 'life' one leaves one's physical frame
then
'one' or then the 'frame' comes to 'pleasure in life'
everyone is 'in' or the butterfly
being pressed in one's physical frame—then leaves
that
no conditions—(is 'one' or the 'frame')
'killing' actually—in war or murder—as being an event arising 'after' her own thoughts and actions
is one's physical frame.
which had no relation to death.

one being in an other form
had no relation to death.
The cattle—black if there before it—that and 'in' the butterfly.

The cattle—black—with the red spotted white cattle at evening—are only at light evening—they come up on the soft green to look.

Unrelated to that—is there being 'pleasure in life of others'—'of others only'—this she has had
At night rain filling the black bowl immensely
there is no land—'pleasure in life'

—in that that person anticipates a response
seeing a sensitive response in the person excluded
Showing a basis.

Then, ‘one’s’ brain coming into hyperdrive separates from the mind—(hyperdrive is always outside the flesh). Brain-hyperdrive moves on its own in pain which is from itself, has detached and therefore increased.

Its momentum increases it, which is what pain is. It is ‘on’ any influence. Seeing the other person seeing, and recognizing, leads to hyperdrive—and leads to quiet. Also. Rudder. Or the hell realms, leads to the hell realms. Land is both.

To put land on the same place as oneself—is not dreaming yet, and aware

when the mind’s vacant (as when dead), ‘before’ it cognizes (then one beginning cognition and dreams) hasn’t land (then land’s on the same place as oneself—and as if there before it)

Green hills float cattle on them—I don’t have dreams (any occurring at present)

But if I did, the events go on at the same time—(if I did have sleeping-dreams now—the events I”m making up and cognition occur at the same time)

Pleasure in life, I’d forgotten ‘pleasure in life’ even while it’s occurring—that could be at the same time as sleeping-dreams, and is in waking time at once

is ‘pleasure in life’ in the state before one’s cognizing (not dreaming) and in which one is aware

how could pleasure in life be there
it is
as if it’s going to occur—(and while it’s occurring).
it’s ahead anyway
expanded past everything.

Leaving oneself, and ‘in’ the butterfly—no one there—is ‘pleasure in life’—having one’s irretrievable change

Getting up early on the hills—is ‘before’ a land the cattle
they go away before
one comes—to the hill of shying resting floating cattle—

the cattle are shy together yet strong and driven by pointed dogs and men on huge horse haunches calling the cattle—one's shadow at first is 'before' by itself occurring but not 'from' the vast voluminous clouds above only

Early when one's shadow seemed from the vast voluminous clouds above—birds-rim were singing yet none in sky and no trees there
the huge clouds but one's shadow existing only on the green hill
this is before cattle
'pleasure in life'

Everything's in flat space. There. That's joy. Too, with the birds on the same place
yet they don't have a shadow.

then being solely a girl and so changing—being another form and in 'the' butterfly—leaves society forever
it's to be pressed in one's frame only
there
is 'pleasure in life'

One's frame becoming something else—one leaves society; but then that's long gone. The frame can't be one (which is one)

one leaves a form a frame which is one
can't be
'pleasure in life' occurs

Getting out early on the hill with a parasol coming to the cattle who floating in early heat sensitive frightened from the parasol move and cry in pain.
The cattle cry painfully and shift in a sensitive mutual movement 'from' the black moving parasol, one coming to them on the hill holding it.

It's early heat walking no clouds above. The parasol illuminates. One barely remembers a dream now at: the parasol on hill shining not 'from' clouds. The dream something completely different.

Action is not what anyone says. The content of conversation isn't its subject. It's vast backlog of action occurring.

People don't even listen to each other, two people in conversation speak at the same time. Or one cuts off the other to stop that person from saying what they perceive (out of various motives)

Conversation doesn't hold anything, while pleasurable; so one can be moving in it with no barrier, a vast land—silent active realm that has no verbal transgression.

Trying to get to or to see where actions separate from their social existence—which is what they are—that is their connotative being, so seeing an action without that.

Commentary on Waking Life:

An invention in waking life is that there is no conversation between people—or even interior, very little interior. Interior (as if conversation also?) occurs only or is rendered by running throwing a bar (in the blue air), by being thrown on back of motorscooter on sky in mirror-reflections on car-hoods in stalled traffic, or being carried in a cocoon on the desert—one is the conditions, one is the desert, then.

Then, one is the relativity, the moving desert, night that occurs only in time, as impermanence.

There—is no barrier between people. Conversation is only a barrier, as it is continually programmed in conventionality.

Being as landscape there is no description—or directive speaking—only swans and one moving on plate of surface.

Commentary is also directive speaking; yet different from conversation, it's interior at once—(is conversation interior at once? it could be)—so *this* constitutes an interior schism whose occurrence itself allows the silent surface, at the same time.

One exists on both sides—(which don't exist)—in a boundless space

Waking life is endless—as such—so there can be nothing known before

Magnolia tree in blossom—the man—not walking through—or night—'or' being—it's not night 'or' early liquid—with them

—walking—thousands of magnolia blossoms in which he's lying—as 'walking' 'from' above

walks from above—seen
separating screen as ink black (night)—in day—'or' the magnolia blossoms—and this part
in not having any one—occurrence—blossoms early isn't 'one'

Even if one is considering rage, and has to be in-rage in order to do that, the act of being in rage—there—causes seeing itself—and everything—to be calm. The act is a moment, time only—by being social.

In the times—of one's own mind—different times as one's being—and not adhering to 'their' chronology, there isn't any—is being already before itself

The desiccant, corrosive ego removing everything out of others who are there in a situation, is unlike the cattle who are sensitive movement without egos.

Yet the desiccant is 'of' a herd also, moves and exists floating in a herd, by her view, and taking her thoughts from them.

The desiccant is not dehydrating, shriveling ones from her own group. The contemptuous force Merle Winters uses is as if 'their' (the group's) desiccation—some 'people' from which the thoughts form—who may not be visible as only the desiccant is speaking, as if movement 'past' where we are.

They are not visible because really they aren't there either (for her)—as if there is nothing ahead, which itself as a view is only conventionality.

If she didn't have the opportunity of whatever particular context of thought forms there—to make one subject to it, to an outcome, i.e. that which is articulated *per se* as *being* conventionality to which one is to be subject (her view is all tautological) relentlessly—whereas this hasn't even existence to the hearer at all

except as transpiring as desiccation which blights crippling systemically,
she'd find some other.

In a sense she is a follower in a herd

There seems to be no passivity existing. At least there's that. I return to this as 'an' fascination, as a barrier.

The sensitive cattle sharing movement are completely exempt from this.

I don't know what colors they see or are.

Violet eyes. The desiccant has violet eyes.

this is the place where she is like the cattle floating in sensitive movement unseen. 'Themselves' frightened by the parasol held by one.

A desiccant lives by belief? A desiccant lives by or 'on' belief. So do others. (But she doesn't really.)

Which obviates—?—'pleasure in life—of others' as 'yet occurring.'

'Yet' this occurs. One has 'pleasure in others' *yet.*

Living on belief is the life of a parasite. As is living on belief but not really.

That's a belief.

When one runs through trees—the desiccant's violet eyes swim along with one. The violet eyes move alongside with one—through the trees—

The desiccant does not move but follows for miles. With the violet eyes.

Anything would be "other" to *you.*

Yet 'after' is still, black night say—no conditions—is in the half-lids 'one' or the 'frame' *by* eyes or to the passersby.

It is 'to' them: it is what's inside them, at the same time as directed by, emanating from, others' eyes.

To put one's life on one surface (as a single time). To put 'life' onto one surface.

To make a thin surface, held always, as (what's) the real (remembered) actions—and there also on the surface is the writing.

That is, that the remembered actions of life—and the writing—part; and are that thin surface. It is there.

But then, after, in a comic book, I undercut the luminosity of the life.

By the lessor part, the appended comic, not being the conclusion or end of it. The comic has also a pettiness or contracted pain, from the meanness of people to each other there.

Yet the appended part could occur (be occurring) anywhere in the life—could be going on at the same time as what was earlier.

So the luminosity *also* occurs earlier, as being throughout.

The life *was* going on at the same time (as itself), extends past it. (Its apparent limit; what may have seemed a limit, or its real conclusion.)

So the luminosity will not just be inflating of one's life either.

To get to the beginning of a life throughout. Being all on the same surface is getting to the beginning over and over, in whatever episode.

(So it's at bottomed-out, contorted as if inverted, language while not in childish experience—but being or 'as if' child.)

The desiccant's eyes are like coals as people are dying—in that derisiveness or ridiculing is not related to it, to dying

nor is their dying a basis.

It is as if she smiles with the violet eyes as coals. So this is acceptable as it is not surrealism.

One is not oneself, but is some other person (such as one's father), existing alive at the same time—one is nothing in oneself, in being only them (that person); but that is merely something unknown, real.

You can put all the hopeful things first. And then they don't occur.

Whereas if you put them at the end they appear to occur, but don't.

What's your point? They 'appear' 'to happen'—first.

Yesterday Toshiro Mifune died, I read today. He was born in China in 1920, and repatriated to Japan in 1946. Following his samurai movies from a young age—influenced by them—I thought he is myself

the horses in the sugar cane—their tails in the strong wind shooting and whirling here.

Jet ocean is jetting on the sky. The sugar cane is whirling in front of the air. The poor are pulling the dead samurai in the high pampas grass stripping them—spears coming through the pampas grass.

The plumes on the waving high sugar cane grass in strong wind

Being in the state aware before arising to consciousness (of dreaming, for example).

His having died. I'm beached beached, where can I be?

Commentary on Orion:

The mind simply runs. It makes its occurrence. Though events that are fictional—and memory of real events—are not the same, they are equal.

One's memory is finite; fictional is infinite, in that it can't be remembered as it's made up—so there is opened a potentially infinite space.

By they're both being the mind's occurrence. But one is where the mind also can't operate. They would have to be 'on' each other (be at the same instant).

Though we read, there is no text—like Rimbaud

There's no going back to some text, reading it

Such a view is—of a text—as if there is a first one which embodies and so directs; from which one is to learn the embodiment or interpretation of occurrence and then see things in that way.

As opposed to recognizing that one's own mind *works in that way.*

One sees that one's mind is doing that (does that)—as anyone's—and so it's tested, the gesture of the text is in that case intrinsic to occurrence.

The occurrence is itself.

Therefore it is occurrence outside it (initiating 'outside what the mind can do').

Initiating: 'outside what the mind can do.'

The mind runs outside of itself, except that one dies.

The Passenger is a Polish/German film describing a woman returning to Germany on a passengership with her new husband. She's returning for the first time since World War II; and standing at the railing on deck looking down, she sees a woman on the gangplank (either arriving or departing)—and thinks she recognizes this other woman as a former political prisoner in a concentration camp where she herself had been an SS overseer.

The director Andzej Munk was killed in a car accident before finishing the film so the beginning is sketchy, which is present-time on the passengership; and uses stills to indicate the woman, the former SS camp overseer, seeing the woman who resembles or seems to be the former inmate at Auschwitz.

The voiceover describing both the director's death and the film's plot, in stills details the woman telling her new husband that she was an SS overseer yet justifying it saying that she not only did nothing—"I did nothing"—but that she attempted to help the other woman whom she took as an assistant in the camp.

Him seen in stills standing alone at the railing holding his head (the voiceover says, words to the effect, 'yet his response is not the subject'). So people's responses are notational at the beginning.

The woman gives a version of the story to her husband that is considerably different from what unfolds as the whole of the film taking place entirely as her memory.

That is, she knows her behavior and point of view was different from what she describes to him.

The effect of the film's director being killed in the midst of the film is that the notation of the director's death and life are there (a level or span of time of some other person's as if occurring in the 'present-time' of the film's time—but outside of the context of the people in the concentration camp, who are seen by us as fictional).

The fictional rendering of the life in the concentration camp is utterly realistic because (say) the scenes (as the dead people's memory) in which people run a gauntlet naked, and then encircled, the one inside the circle not able to break through being killed (which the viewers don't see but which is implied), are like children's games. These are memories in the film (as if in the mind of the SS overseer) and as such are only visual, are silent.

Therefore the woman-overseer's revealing realistic description as voiceover of her actions and attitudes do not touch these sights. And the sights, not affected by her, 'occur' before us who are outside her mind.

The people encircled, singled out to be killed, in the visual sights are a separate memory.

What is silent occurs separate from the overseer's voiceover and is untouched.

In a way it is ahead of time.

In the common children's game, the children have to break out of the circle as a form of accepting belonging to community, accepting control by it (that they must participate and be part of—I remember playing this game, to break from the circle (it was a game that girls played, making it all the more private in the film); being held in the

cruelty shown on the other children's faces was to teach one to participate and as such was condoned as 'form of community').

One was not supposed 'to feel sorry for oneself' by refusing to participate.

One accepted or really utterly refused this cruelty—the form of either response being not even registering it then (not describing it inside).

The overseer's voiceover articulates conventionality as that of the concentration camp; its rules as being what is 'social'—modified which is transgressed, by the overseer 'unlawfully' only by her private responses causing her to change concentration camp rules; such as jealous relation to the other which causes deviation from the rules (in the effort to trap and to humiliate the inmate).

That the other woman (inmate) overstepped her bounds, that she tried to protect a Jewish infant from gassing and in such responses was 'ungrateful' (to the overseer, who manipulates her by allowing her to see her fiancé who's also an inmate, though such visits are forbidden, but uses this as a way of extracting servile obedience, which the other will not give) justifies to oneself one's own actions.

People's ordinary feelings and interior relation are seen as 'the form of community,' that being only *what has occurred.*

These are expressions of the rules and differ from them.

Finding a note that she takes to be a love-note between the two who are in love, the overseer threatens the entire group of women inmates if the writer of the note does not come forward and translate it aloud (from Polish, which she herself can't read) as the women stand in formation.

The other translates a text of the memory of love as present-time, which is beautiful while being in the camp. Yet only briefly revealed, later, as a 'hindsight at that time,' the overseer soon after finds out the note is actually names of camp officials as war criminals, one of a series of documentations being passed to the outside.

The SS guard has been tricked by her 'private' passion (of jealousy and cruelty), i.e. which is outside of occurrence taking place.

Her passion was 'ahead of' the circumstances or unrelated yet fostered by it.

So she didn't see what was actually taking place, nor does the viewer of it (in its action).

That present (of her believing the reading of the note was 'in the private sphere') occurred in relation to that mind act.

The overseer destroys the note to protect her career, also almost certainly destroys the woman then—who seen on the gangplank later must actually be dead—as also was the prisoner's fiancé, some time after the reading of the 'love-note' but while we still do not know that any are dead. (We don't know their future.)

Peoples 'psyches'/'feelings' are not usually analyzed as causation of broad expanses of outside occurrence—that they are not is conventionality. Such a view as history is seeing the minute inside. The film views 'one' as significant, as being oneself an expanse of time and action.

The O of the slightly parting lips and—when—in the illness, not in any respect related to sleep, yet lying on the side—flecks of vomiting on the edge of her parted mouth.

Why is physicality as process—one's being—an ordeal? We have to go through this. Its constitution seems to be ahead.

The eyelids flooding slightly closed are a brim as physical response to stimuli. They're eyelids slits seen-through welling—on slit rim.

On the mouth—vomiting in the outside only—is flecked after

Yet 'after' is still, lying

Then an elation ahead begins

It parts from people—at all

She isn't chewing a pencil—brow furrowed. Abe dips her hand into the tank of frogs; and with a Q-tip removes the secretions on the skin of the frog in her hand.

For a second there flickers over her eyes (Kazuoka So-ami's) his hands, an arm warmly lying across her at night, a laugh heard from him standing with his back on a balcony looking out while drinking coffee one morning.

She grits her teeth.

The present memory of him is an antidote to the pain of burning herself. Having to make the burnmarks on her naked chest using an

ignited wire—she grits her teeth since it hurts, the tears starting up welling on the rims of her slightly closed lids.

The eye-lids are pressed welling on a rim of tears—his hands and frame of back were comforting her.

The lakes of eyes flood later when the illness takes over (from having applied the secretions that are the drug).

It's raining on the soft green hills floating on the ocean. The rain continuous for days, now blurs the air and earth still floating with birds. Grace is in the car lying back on a green hill. Her eyes are closed lids half-opened as if eye-slits ahead—contemplating eyes submerged—waiting.

Slumped in the car that's covered in rain—the half-lids open slightly—she's waiting as if one entirely outside

nothing moving inside—though no occurrence outside

The person is the half-lids as if the eyes open into an interior of the half-shell that had formerly been racked—with eyes lying on it

there's no movement inside when running, only outside

the bowl of the black night say

which is in the half-lids

There's a relation to not having anything in one—or outside—and the *moon* running.

It glides through the dark—then swimming.

One's breathing occurring in the circular round—crickets in moon

Which is under moon running

The moon's running

Officer Andrew Chen interviews the secretary Sherry Bart about the purges; she, in rumpled Minnie Mouse shoes with bows, brown mouse hair, wearing a rumpled mussed suit sternly glides her eyes on his face. He thinks, It's as if she's been up all night. Or hadn't come home to change. Her eyes don't blink but glide over him. They don't stop.

The two are in her home then; but the place is cold and damp.

Though her manner is disjointed in this way, her eyes scanning and then starting over and scanning again throughout, she carefully accounts for as many of the purged employees as she can remember.

Going to a filing cabinet withdraws documents, handing them to Andrew, who's following her hand movements, nervous, deft, meaningless motions except when handing the documents.

Some of those purged are dead, but those were all listed as accidents. Some she does not know their whereabouts.

She gives as many details of the particularities as possible. The purges were ordered by Rupert Brooks who was at odds with many of the top leadership. Most of those were purged. But some of the original orders came from Dan Lincoln.

Dan Lincoln? Andrew gives a motion of surprise.

Yes. But he wouldn't handle it himself. It would be indirect but signed by him. I made copies of some of the orders. The people were simply obliterated, their faces and mention of them rubbed through—from one day to the next, people would leave unexpectedly. She wipes her nose with a flick of her hand, her eyes resting a moment, then the eyes scan the room, Here, these are some of Danny's Memos, she says before getting up.

She retrieves them out of a drawer then. He spends several hours going over the material with her. Danny Vico's business diary details the purges. Vico'd talked with those who'd been removed, usually before their disappearances, a few after—including two who died, both within days after being removed from their positions.

Andrew Chen sits back after a while, wearily rubbing his eyes. Then quietly to her: It's dangerous for you to keep these files, does anyone know about these?

I kept them for Danny. He wouldn't have told anyone. He gave them to me right before he went to the restaurant where he was killed.

I noted in my entry book that I was interviewing you. I also took my wire out of my ear, outside before I came in. I'll be questioned about this: but it may also lead someone to you. I think I should take the files and find a safe place for them, not leave them with you.

All right. She shifts.

He leaves and outside it's evening raining. Andrew is entirely quiet inside, recognizing that Sherry Bart—and now himself—are in extreme danger.

Grace has been waiting outside on the hill by Rupert Brooks's apartment. It's stopped raining and the soft light seems to rise from earth.

The soft cream embroidered suit shifts in the shimmering light, birds diving in a huge leafy tree, as Constance Ree-Waley lifts a leg out of the barely rocking settling limousine and moves ahead walking on the path.

Officer Cloe O'Brien, her beaten convertible stopping suddenly no sound of crickets even, she notices, uncrumples gets out following silently.

Cloe gets to the door and inside Constance Ree-Waley stands weeping, a key in her hand where she's opened the apartment door and is looking at Sherry Bart on the floor the shell opened the rose flower of Sherry Bart floating on it.

Imperialism holding sway—the modern corporate form (ours) is over the imaginings, thought, and entire experiencing of one.

Format writing, thought of as public and as being 'popular,' is distributed to be the available product.

Its format itself is a message as to what is public conveyed as order of perception which is: what is to be perceived, as conjunctions of thought with what hasn't been thought yet eliminated. Here is both.

One makes increasingly desperate attempts to have one's (anyone's) experiencing be allowed.

But this will occur.

Because they do not co-exist. They change the nature of each other to not exist.

The dancers here said the dancers from Mongolia dancing were "Ethnic"—that it was "Ethnic" dancing—as they were *from* Mongolia. As if every place is just one of our colonies.

Noh drama is realistic because it looked at the mind and history—by these being viewed as empty ghosts. People were the movements that occurred, then.

Their movements when they're singing could never be what they spoke—so viewing or remembering—'there' can't take place. It doesn't exist.

Cloe switches off the radio. Suddenly there's silence, Constance Ree-Waley only kneeling soundlessly by the dead woman.

Standing calmly, the red soft spikes of her hair partially illuminated no smile close to ears (like small mother-of-pearl shells) seated Cloe says softly She was a friend?

Yes. Trembling. Danny was also. They were afraid. They didn't tell me everything. It's Dan Lincoln… also Rupert.

But she speaks after a while—but I would imagine he's in danger.

Are you? Cloe asks gently. The woman shrugs.

Cloe out on the road the voluminous clouds ahead beginning to rain a soft pour—sees a car that's driven into the hill, nose in.

She flicks off the lights, skidding her car over. Walks running to it. The whole sky is silent. Flashing her light in, she sees Andrew Chen lying with blood smeared on his chest and neck.

She wired for help. His gun has not been touched or drawn. There is nothing else in his car.

In regard to the murder charge, Rupert Brooks was let out of jail, the blood sample from his shirt found in his office (evidence allowing them to arrest him) is his own blood.

From the hill, Grace Abe perceives the desiccant entering Brooks's apartment.

Well I told you you should be careful, she sits down without him speaking yet. Merle Winters mouth crumbling around her words, semblance of sugary that's real towards him.

Brooks says, He knows everything. Not how it was going to take place, but enough. Obviously that's why he's surfaced with these killings—to be fast—Waley's purged because he was going to go to the police…

I thought maybe *you'd* done that… she laughs.

He's annoyed, his brow moving. Here, give me Lincoln's papers—Lincoln won't negotiate, but ifI can use these with Demurgent…

You're going to the police? her voice an arch cracking at the end. You'll be convicted. *We'll* be convicted.

Maybe not. Demurgent will respond. (So it includes Chief Demurgent, he is involved.)

Her lips crumble around the sugar, as she purses them—a hard flicker in her eyes though. Are you 'in love'? tartly and yet with a sense of the steely observation as if at far range on Constance Ree-Waley which leaves behind a wave in the desiccant—harboring the waves.

He says nothing, no formation of the visual sight of Constance Ree-Waley occurring.

Then he snaps at her, Did you send him after her—(you were going to have her killed)?

The sugary crumbling mouth hesitates frightened. Well I…

Cancel that contract with him or I will send him after you.

She nods, the mouth prim—but withdrawing. But comes forward again.

But he never mentions Ree-Waley again.

Many people purged, their features blotted over with ink or other features added to them.

Everything one sees is silent—goes on untouched. Also, they're blinded.

So can't be cognizing at the instant of the purged coming out of the grass—they arise out of or leave the sugar cane high grass

You've got to stop the water—said in one's mind as one is falling and almost asleep, not related to anything known. Keep a record.

Of the single surface from which the thought emerges—or on which it stays, not being related to other things.

That's going to tell one something.

You're not on the single luminous surface

One of the purged runs on Rupert Brooks in a San Francisco street. Weak people now with no eyes and no faces. They run on him blindly aiming and running but going past him or to the side.

I hurt my hip—one of the purged coming forward limping

As if there'd been some other time of luminosity by the constricted being now (this on a single surface), i.e. as if being the meager present that's painful is the single surface *there*

(They're saying one is disenfranchised, because of one's supposedly debased, disenfranchised conditions to which one is attentive—and if outside, not to be listened to—at the same time they don't listen)

They don't mean what they say—that's why it doesn't matter what happens outside *then.* (At some instant.)

Yet the men are being sliced so that their innards emerged—lying on their own shell—then bobbing buoyed at different times.

A turtle had come up at the place on the ocean where the dead had bobbed up.

We're to live and die only amidst the factories pouring stacks the tottering stunted-retarded approaching in the rain. (Before the mind's functioning can begin.)

Getting up before dawn—but my mind is bucking then—follows the silver voluminous clouds of the *next* dawn

before one dreamt/before one dreams—and between isn't dawn exactly.

The silver huge clouds at dawn—and being aware without there being times of occurrence, no consecutive dawns—is during waking time also. As 'nothing in' the next dawn (now, occurs now)

the silver dawn is having nothing there and aware

and is cognition outside

aware and not-cognizing ('would be')—'at' silver dawn also.

One reaches the place of gaiety at the front of one's mind, has fallen out of society.

One *can't* fall out? Wanting to be heard—(why?)—one begins to perceive 'before them' in a manner of gaiety (because people keep talking when I'm talking). They would disenfranchise my own mind?—that's not possible, I'm doing it myself.

Bursts up on the ocean surface—from gang ridicule being below, then comes up on the surface. The ocean floating everywhere

when running through magnolia sprays of blossoms one's mind is on the surface of the ocean

Vaulting in the blossoms on the ocean

The man with the knife has only blue holes, no features, moves the holes.

He's in light where a beam hits the surface of the eye-holes. In the space's horizon-line a swathe of the knife's sound. Grace runs in amongst the scratched out—rubbed faces that aren't there on the running trunks; she isn't looking at them either as they are blind. (Grace carries a crossbow; running she shoots a tranquilizer dart into the man with the knife.)

Before they were in a single surface of people crawling on coal mounds carrying, black mountains moon that's hanging after, millions starved before.

Ahead of one's mind—which is opened out, where raining, men on caterpillars working on tunnels of pits in the street stand in them waist down;—vaulting 'by' the blossoming buds being in the vicinity, that one there hurling is waist down the same as the motionless men—moving before oneself

So the buds are reversed blossoming—yet one moving ahead of one's mind is a bud, which then blossoms.

And the bud, rather than blossom, not dependent on instant but movement before oneself.

Rupert Brooks stands in the street on Russian Hill. His lips tighten. The man slicing is immobilized. As a wasp stings its meal and wraps it as it's numbing. Brooks is walking by Abe who is wrapping.

Grace finds Captain Jasper Frank in his office, the sagging dove jowls on the large wilted frame sweating behind the desk; he's in scrutiny and possible threat to his life from his jurisdiction in the case inadvertently opening observation of Chief Demurgent's ties to corporations. Jasper's clearing his desk to leave. Will stay in his small apartment though. He's concealing an adult orangutan protecting it, so he refuses to flee his place. Grace nods.

Andrew is in the hospital recovering from the knife attack. The hired killer, as yet no name, is in Cloe's convertible bound being driven.

If he's turned over to Demurgent who will hold him for all charges yet probably silence him before jailing him even, they have no defense against Chief Demurgent.

Rupert Brooks has been released from any charges, including those linking him with the purged dead, Danny Vico's papers having been stolen from Andrew's car. The desiccant cannot be charged or linked to any part of it.

One's 'in' the black cattle that are 'in' the butterfly, first.

Merle Winters (desiccant) is toad secured in bitterness whose acidity undercutting others as if hers is light-weight itself—yet stagnant

desiccating, the mouth crumbling sugary on the most withering caustic remarks.

Which, say, delivered for Rupert Brooks speaking to him about someone else—he smiles faintly.

Grace comes into the cafe having arranged to have tea with Merle Winters and sees her, desiccant presiding with no one yet around her, almost dainty.

Grace begins, mentioning Rupert Brooks—Merle Winters crows, the mouth open smugly like a beak or toad (she isn't plump; it is as if she is hard, seated there, a hard look in the eyes).

Bragging, she mentions an insurance deal in which she and Brooks had received payments of accounts owed to patients.

She thinks she can do anything. Abe has not removed her wire and Merle Winters is wearing hers.

Rupert Brooks comes into the cafe, upset. Merle Winters surprised to see him. (The interview was set up by Abe.)

She was telling me about the Coast Insurance arrangement, says Abe—at this, he, already upset by something, savagely snipes (acknowledging his involvement) at Merle, recoiled on her tea cup and pot.

(What has upset him is having gone to have words with Dan Lincoln, ending in losing his senses and shooting Lincoln in the head; which he doesn't mention—yet is shaken as if seeking comfort from the two women.)

Only when one's behind is there gang ridiculing. He won't speak to one if one's behind or ahead. Sometimes running past people is with them. People standing motionless by a bus stop, run ahead of them. Running past them standing dropping night. People don't speak motionless. But they're not in conversation, so it doesn't matter if they speak there. As in dropping night that is ahead. Then night is swimming ahead and dropping it there. One comes up. Yet people standing in night are everywhere.

(Unrelated substance yet as if a reflection, a meeting) snobbery or people standing motionless—where there isn't reflection as blossoming trees.

Saying their engaging in "snobbery" standing is reflecting shadow in that shadows do not reflect—on (have no relation to)—people's

wee-wee on each other; which wouldn't be *called* snobbery (I'm translating a minor or single 'strand' into something even less) by them or anyone; and therefore the minutiae of both ('shadow' and 'snobbery'), meeting, (of some huge edge—which isn't either of these) are the force of early blossoming trees.

That *both* (something huge, not either), which is 'if' people are standing, out at a bus stop—*and* (before the blossoming trees) his childish deflection as thin-undeveloped self described to him and by him as force—*then*—has an effect.

Is (while not being the same thing) independently the buds that are the same as blossoms (bud is blossom at the same time as itself). It doesn't occur later, rather is *then* only.

Those not viewing others are like planets always dark on one side and light on the other without changing.

People standing or motionless, out, are not just (or not just by) buds. Or force. This isn't contention with others, changing occurring 'from' or after their speaking. It is not dependent in the time they're in, but in motion or their being motionless.

They aren't just—buds—only. If pushed here—to be an edge (such as buds in dawn)—behavior is that—then. *Their* behavior is.

There behavior is no division.

One would have to have a very thin pairing—of social-group behavior which as such is transmuted from (and 'to be'—future—outside of) what one is—'with' dawn, which has no exactitude, or beginning.

But that behavior minor and extreme—to be one

And: that (here) there's nothing outside it—is dawn itself

One has to see—be—as something completely different from oneself.

One's trapped in life by its being finite—and so one removes 'returning' to a prior version of oneself.

They have enough to convict Winters and Brooks with the insurance embezzlement by securing these records, a lessor charge unrelated to Chief Demurgent who may be relieved to be rid of them. Demurgent himself can't be touched.

Someone approaches Officer Cloe O'Brien's car and attempts to shoot both Cloe and the contract killer whom she's moving from place to place; yet she uses her pistol to protect herself—after her charge has already been shot and killed.

In front of one's mind are worries. And behind are no memories then.

I have to go to the postoffice. So the worries are baseless while on their own. Our last president was a murderer. Are not the mind outside of itself.

But it can go past—go ahead. At once. There isn't behavior as night. We disintegrate, go into rest-homes (if one can afford it, otherwise on the street) and die; prior, live by racetracks in closed sub-developments

There not being a line anywhere

Fields are sometimes without anything—people standing in front of them not 'coming out of them.'

Impossible to or can't tell whether it's dawn or evening 'from' the countryside being lit or dark but illumined as in rainbow over it and glow but not emanating from it (the countryside) in which people are as if 'in front of' it—or (or also, because it is around one) to one side about to enter it

that the countryside is by itself

and the solitary state doesn't exist

the evening is to the side of one then

it is as if 'by itself' but it doesn't need to be active and can in fact *have* no motion (in any time, evening or dawn) and can *have* no people there

It can *have* no time of evening (in evening) or of early dawn in the countryside yet be what's occurring.

Nor are the 'cattle in pools people beside there' inner

That one with others is to the side (of the countryside) of cattle in pools people beside there—it's not a goal—is therefore the 'side' of conjunction with it (countryside only), of their and one's meeting simply.

Without solitary state anywhere—evening?

dark ground dish of moon hangs—they are below horizon—where it is—so they don't have to move—which is their state, they do—evening

but their not moving evening.

Or moving evening.

Walking in Paris by the Seine, it was so freezing gray and white that one tottered on aching feet which were splinters in the cold, the freezing at the face consuming one inside.

At the windows of the fashion houses, standing looking from outside—where I happened to walk—at (in one window) tortoise-shell breast-band (plate at the cleavage of the breasts) and tortoise-shell belt on fragile cream-lace dress, no sleeves or neck-chest

In front of the fashion houses line of windows were beggars crouched bowing in constant movement-of-bowing women wrapped every inch of their skin face and fingers seesaw trembling moving in rags holding out the wrapped bowing-hand as submissive gesture (and to move)

The face held down to sidewalk wrapped moving

Out of black limousine which pulled up came women wrapped in folding robes of fur coats who stepped into one of the stores.